The Bystander, August 18, 1915.—No. 611. Vol. XLVII

The BYSTANDER

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ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. "WATCH YOUR STEP."
Evenings, at 8.35. Matinée, Sats. at 2.15.
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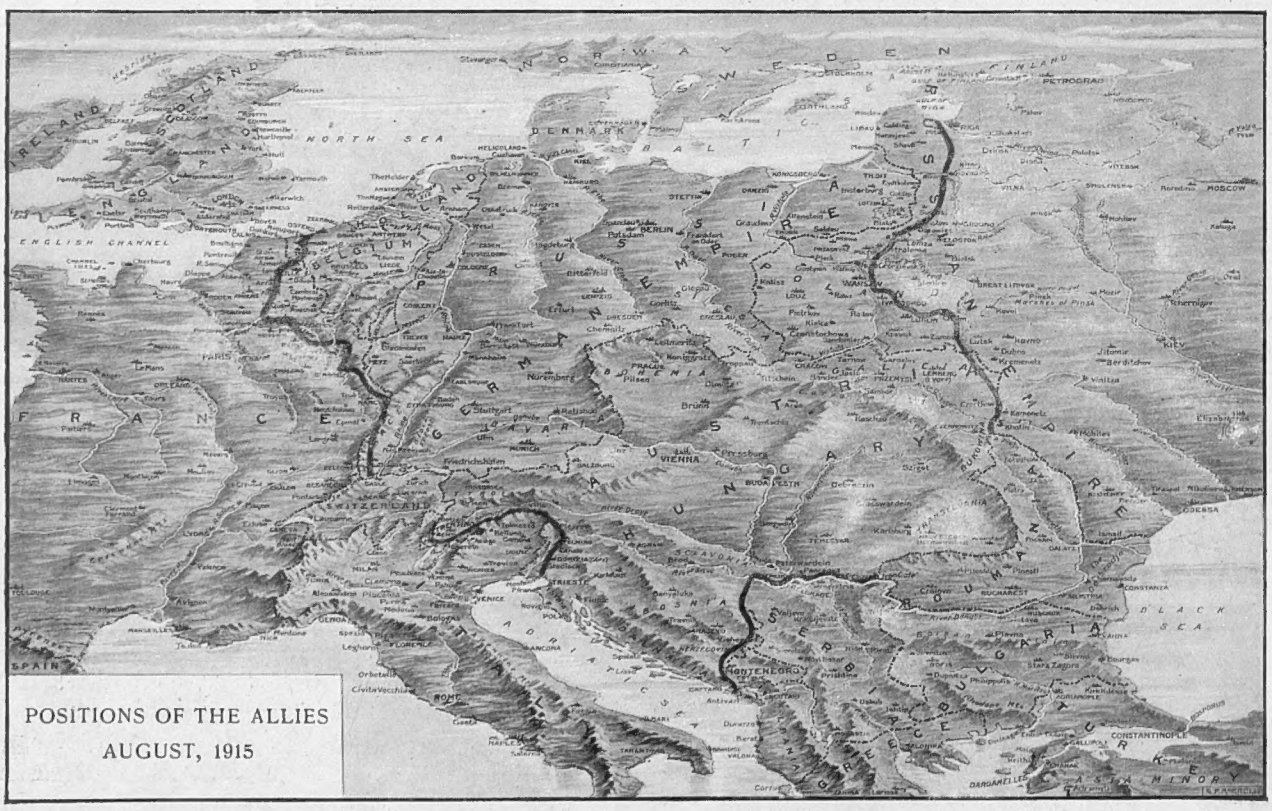
"Bystander" War Forecast Competition



A reduced facsimile reproduction of "The Bystander" War Map, for use by competitors in the War Forecast Competition. Copies of the map obtainable on application to the Editor, "The Bystander," Tallis House, London, E.C.

For details see p. 232 of this issue

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

The Professor—

SOMEWHERE in town the other day a lady of youth and beauty, well-known in Society, dropped into a friend's house and announced that she was engaged. Questioned as to whom, she replied, "Oh, he's a professor of zoology." Her friends gasped. In war-time, too! Surely the lady in question, of all people, would have done the proper thing and contracted a "war wedding." "He's coming round in a few minutes," was the reply, and in due course there presented himself a stalwart youngster in Highland uniform—the Professor. Congratulations and apologies were tendered, and tea was served. People had not for the moment thought that a professor could be (1) young and (2) in khaki. Yet so it is, as my friend "Blanche" would say, in *England* now.

***

—In England—

The unlikeliest people are doing the unlikeliest things. Mr. George is producing shells; Lord Hugh Cecil, instead of dropping epigrams from benches, is dropping bombs from aeroplanes; Sir Chiozza Money is a first-lieutenant in the Naval Reserve; and Mr. Churchill is—keeping quiet. Professors in kilts are, therefore, no abnormality—in England. There are numbers of them fighting, and very few—hardly any of them—are professing. Which is all for the best. Because there's something wrong somehow in war-time with the professorial mind.

Awful condition of a Volunteer Enumerator after attempting to explain the registration forms to a colony of Belgian refugees

***

—And in Germany

Unless the Kaiser stifles his professors with some of their own poison gas, Germany is destined to go on with this war until she has only professors left. At a moment when the world at large had been given to understand that Germany was in the mood for a reasonable peace, taking her place at the round table as one of the Powers, and helping to settle up boundaries and things on the basis of all fair and all square, out come the professors with a manifesto. They—the professors—will not sheathe their pens until Germany has become so great and strong that no other nation can breathe in sight of her. The world is to be made positively to stink of German trade and kultur. France is to be "finished with once for all" (shade of Frederick the Great, what a sentiment!); Belgium is to be annexed body and soul; Russia is to give up her Baltic provinces and Poland; England's world trade is to be supplanted, she is to give up Egypt and fabulous sums of money. Germany is to be the master of Europe and Asia from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf.

***

The Friends of the Allies

Thus, the Professors. At the very moment when wobbly politicians, sentimentalists, financiers, clerics, and business men in general all over the world might have been gently lured into agreeing to a Papal or Presidential mediation, the professors come up and set them all by the ears. Not only do they rally every one of the Allies to fresh effort, but they drive all the little States into our arms. They give away the German game, and make the Allies a cheap present of any neutral support that had hitherto been withheld. Not only does the German threat to dominate Europe from west to east give us Rumania and Bulgaria, but also probably Holland. More. It probably causes the Turk himself to sit up and ask questions about his own future, to say nothing of Austria-Hungary, which probably does not at all like the idea of becoming a German meal.

***

Much Thanks!

We have to thank the professors. At a moment when things were looking a little depressing in the East, they come to the aid of the Allies, and give renewed hope of victory.

(*Continued on page 220*)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued from page 219)

Action, Not Words

We are not among those, however, who take professors seriously, or who believe they cut any particular ice in Germany now. The Germans know pretty well that it is the men of action they have to thank for what success has been theirs, and not the men of words, which latter have been wrong from first to last. Wrong about the swift destruction of France and Russia; wrong about the helpless impotence and cowardice of the British and the disloyalty of their dominions; wrong about the Americans; wrong about the power to terrify of Zeppelins and submarines.

* * *

Illusions Shattered

The Germans have had one professorial illusion after another dispelled by facts, and they are, I am sure, very, very tired of professors. Probably when they read a professorial manifesto, they mutter the German for "I don't think." Probably the German authorities, when they want their submissive people to "don't think," send out the order "*que messieurs les professeurs professent.*" The same rôle is fulfilled by the thoughts of professors in causing the people in Germany to think the reverse as is furnished by certain persons in this country in the shape of letters to the *Times*. To the credit of British learning, let it be said at once that over here our prigs are *not* professors.

* * *

Were One a German!

It is not uninteresting to imagine oneself a German, and to speculate on what one would really be saying to oneself and one's intimates in these days. We cannot judge this by the stray scribblings that are allowed to escape the Censorship for publication in our ever-ready papers. In Germany, the Press is probably, if possible, even less reflective of public sentiment than ours. Were I a German, I think I should be saying something like this:

"Thank goodness our wonderful army, after innumerable changes in command, courts-martial, Kaiser proclamations, and the loss of so many millions of our best men, has done something definite, and rid us for awhile of danger from one of the enemies. Let us hope to goodness they will now dispose of the others so that we may settle down to our beer and sausages, and get back to our businesses. If they can't settle with the others, then for goodness sake let us try and come to reasonable terms with them. Proud as we are of our wonderful army, we have to live in the same world as the British, French, Russians, etc., and to trade with them, and when we venture abroad again we really don't want people to flee from us as malodorous ogres."

HOME ON LEAVE

The Prince of Wales is home on short leave, and is now staying at Windsor

Things They Probably Say

I should have found myself saying very, very rude things about pompous raisers of false hopes; about the people who said that the Zeppelins would destroy London, and that the U boats would sweep British ships from the seas. I should have asked how came it, if our U boats were of any use, that there were a million or so British soldiers fighting in France and Turkey, and no German over-water ships at large. I should have raged at the fact that, after twelve months, the hated English were going on much as usual, raising huge sums of money, subsidising neutrals, importing munitions from America, capturing German colonies, and not turning a hair over German threats. I should *not* have been proud of the sinking of passenger ships.

* * *

As They Were

Ah, but one is not a German? The German brain is differently constructed from the English? Germans believe all they are told? Well, but do they? My experience of them, in peace-time, was that they were a clear-thinking people, with a capacity for criticising their own rulers exceeding ours a hundred times, who, when they came to foreign countries, seemed to dislike nothing so much as to be stamped as Germans. They liked to speak our language with the exactest of accents, and pathetically they tried to ape our manners and our clothes and our customs.

* * *

Camp and Club

War effects external changes everywhere, but it does not change the whole character of individuals. The trouble is that the individual, in war-time, cannot express itself save in whispers, even in England. It is a time in which all that is audible is the obvious, save—oddly enough—among the fighting men, who seem alone to be alive to the realities of the situation. Whenever what I consider to be a really sensible letter reaches me it comes from a camp; when an essentially stupid one, it comes from a club.

* * *

The National Prophet

The great surprise, whereat the nation was to shout itself hoarse, promised us for August 4 by Mr. Horatio Bottomley, that great man, having failed to materialise, Mr. Bottomley now allures us with the assurance that if the Kaiser doesn't make peace at once (according to a previous *John Bull* prophecy) "within a few months from now, there should be no German soldier alive in the trenches." That's the sort of thing people like—at least, I suppose it is. And if it proves wrong one can always make another prophecy.

* * *

Preserve Us!

And after the war, the first thing to happen is to be the election of the "Business Government." Oh, war, last for ever!

Commanders All

BRITISH LEADERS AT AND FROM THE DARDANELLES

LORD MONTGOMERY
Who is on the Headquarters Staff in the Peninsula

REAR-ADMIRAL ROSSLYN ERSKINE WEMYSS, C.M.G., M.V.O.
In action at the Straits

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR A. G. HUNTER-WESTON, K.C.B., D.S.O.

LORD ROCHDALE AND HIS AIDE-DE-CAMP

All eyes, friends' and foes' alike, are turned just now to the operations in the Dardanelles where all of the above men are playing prominent parts. In the case of Major-General Sir A. G. Hunter-Weston, K.C.B., it is to be regretted that owing to ill-health he has had to relinquish the command of his army corps and is now on his way home after issuing a stirring farewell address to the troops under his command

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 220)

As in the Beginning

Perhaps it is a sign of the end that we are again talking and thinking of the Balkans. For as the war began in the Balkans, so it is poetically just that it should finish there. Certainly if the Allies gain Bulgaria, that once so-called pinchbeck Statelet has only to raise her finger and Turkey falls. The Allies pass the Straits, Russia is remunitioned, and, in Thrace, we have a base for new operations against the Germans, with the aid of a powerful new Ally. Germany's road to the east is blocked, and to open it she will need to start a new war, for which she is certainly not prepared. Confronted with that possibility, it is only too likely that she will ask for terms.

PRINCE LOUIS AND MR. CHURCHILL

WHAT ARE THE FACTS?

WE do not wish unduly to emphasise the fact that it was in our columns of May last that the claim first appeared of Prince Louis of Battenberg to have been responsible for the famous "Stand Fast" order to the Fleet which has saved the Empire, Europe, and the solar system generally from the menace of German dominion. Still, on May 26 we did publish the following (over an anonymous signature):

"*Actually in the critical time before the war, when Mr. Churchill was week-ending at Cromer, Prince Louis of Battenberg, without consulting his nominal chief, kept the Fleet mobilised against emergencies. He saved the Empire, and he dropped a bombshell on the Cabinet.*"

***

Prince Louis has now confirmed this in his own words, and people are asking what is Mr. Winston Churchill's position, in view of the fact that he has accepted universal praise for having been himself responsible for the great achievement? It is only fair to Mr. Churchill to remark that he did give Prince Louis a sort of testimonial, in the letter in which he accepted the Prince's "resignation" (brought about by the clamour of the gutter Press): "The first step which secured the timely concentration of the Fleet was taken by you."

***

But was it taken with or without Mr. Churchill's authority? If with it, then Mr. Churchill is entitled to his share in the honour. If without it, he is entitled to none at all, and owes Prince Louis a much more public testimonial than he ever gave him. He owes him a monument. In politics, however, there is such a thing as the wink. Is it not possible that what happened was somewhat as follows?—

Photograph *Vandyk*

PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG

In whose honour a public monument should be raised, he being (as "The Bystander" revealed on May 26) the man really responsible for keeping the Fleet mobilised in readiness for the outbreak of war against the orders of the Cabinet

Mr. Churchill knew, and Prince Louis knew, what was coming in Europe. But Mr. Churchill's colleagues were afraid of committing any act that might be called "provocative." Therefore, they ordered the Fleet to demobilise. Mr. Churchill, as a member of the Cabinet, could not disobey a decision for which he was partly responsible, so he—went to Cromer. He knew Prince Louis, and—played on the beach. The Fleet was ordered to stand fast, and Mr. Churchill—bathed. War was declared, the Fleet was off Heligoland, and Mr. Churchill, a smile on his face, returned to Town. Prince Louis had "done his bit."

***

In the absence of unquestionable knowledge of the real facts I present the above version to my readers, and leave them to take or leave it. True or untrue, however, one fact outstands, and that is that the guttersnipes who were responsible for the hounding-out of Prince Louis ought to lick his boots. Further, the section of the public that joined in the clamour owes to him as handsome an apology as a poor misled, misguided rabble is capable of tendering to one brave man.

An Imposing Manifesto

For the first time since the war, the National Service movement appears in a guise of something like national authority. The manifesto published in Monday's newspapers contains the names of men other than politicians, Bishops, ex-Viceroys, and other superior persons. To leaven the mass of officials, there appear on the list the names of a famous engineer, a famous surgeon, and a famous musician. The Conscription movement has suffered since the war by appearing too much the special idea of a certain newspaper proprietor, who, with all his skill, has never hitherto seemed successful in getting the support of men of weight outside party politics, journalism, and the advertising world. The new manifesto has at least the appearance of disinterested patriotism.

***

A Disclosure

The hundreds of thousands of British soldiers who are fighting in Gallipoli, if they see the papers, will learn from the British Ambassador in Petrograd precisely why they are doing so. It is because Russia requested the British Government to make an attack on Turkey to draw the Turks off from the Caucasus. We are, of course, glad to know definitely that it was to "oblige Russia" that we undertook this sanguinary business, but it was a trifle exasperating to have read in the previous issue of the *Daily Mail* that the Russian public is asking "What is England's army doing?" Somebody ought to have told them.

Malvolio Wilhelm

OR, DON'T YOU WISH YOU MAY GET IT!

"So crammed as he thinks with excellences, that it is his ground of faith that all that look on him, love him"

"O, Peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!"

"Very midsummer madness!"

(*Acts* 2-3 "TWELFTH NIGHT; *or* WIE SIE WOLLEN")

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

LONDON, *August* 16.

DEAR COUSIN—

OF course you quite understand by this time, don't you, that the great difference between England now and as you used to know it is that we've given up so many of our liberties into the hands of the people who know best how to win the War? At least I suppose they must know best, for we took a great deal of pains (I'm sure I heard that someone did !) to get together all the men who *did* know best, without any regard to who they were, or even whose relations they were, or anything like that, you know.

* * *

One of the consequences is that, nowadays, we're only allowed to be told what it's good for us to hear. I suppose the liberties of a Free Press and all that sort of thing were thought to be good for us — or our ancestors wouldn't have fought so hard to get them, would they?—but we evidently got bored with them, or something. At all events we didn't find *them* at all interesting —things that are good for you seldom are *that* as, of course, you've noticed — and really you wouldn't believe how interesting it is to find out, on quite the best authority, just what it is good for us to be told.

* * *

I mean, for instance, all about those very men who were chosen because they were so capable, and how difficult it is, even, for one of them to find out whether he was really born to rule the waves or the Army — to go down in a submarine or lie down in a trench, or even stay quietly at home and make water-colour sketches, as he's doing now.

* * *

But it does seem a pity, doesn't it, that he couldn't have been sure before the war began? Because, you know, they do say there are other things he might have found out sooner, and if he had it would have saved us a lot of brave men's lives—not such prominent men as he, but, perhaps, just as brave—through under-water barbed wire entanglements and that sort of thing.

* * *

Of course I don't mean the Government tells us all we hear. But it's plain, isn't it, that they would not have torn up Magna Charta to prevent us from being told what wasn't good for us unless they really could have stopped it? Do you know they've actually decided that it wouldn't be good for the people of India to know that the South Wales miners went on strike, and, of course, they wouldn't have stopped all the cables about it to the papers out there if they could have kept them from getting to know any other way?

"They were the cashmere-frocked-lisle-stockinged district-visitor sort of lady"

I can't help wondering whether they're going to upset the P. and O. boat that takes the English papers into Bombay Harbour, just as if they were chests of tea and it was Boston Harbour, or whether they're going to use an ink roller and black out the news as they do in Russia. But it does seem a terrible job for those poor dear over-worked civilians either way. However, everybody knows it would be a pity if we set India a bad example. That's why we've always been so careful not to, haven't we?

* * *

But then, as I was just saying, the Government wouldn't let us hear things that were not good for us. That's why I keep on being so surprised to find out what it is good for us to learn. It's so unselfish of them to let us know all about their shortcomings, just as if we hadn't got all the talents in the Coalition so that it's no use thinking about "the other party" getting in because we have a Government that's bound to last to the end of the war. At least, they meant it to last that long, so I suppose it's bound to, isn't it?

* * *

But it's mystifying to find everyone you meet at little dinners and luncheons—which are not "entertaining," but just a meeting of intimate friends —producing a list of men who are certainties for the new Cabinet. Asquith and Bonar Law are not among them, but McKenna and Carson and Winston are, with Lloyd George as Premier and the Government's most prominent critic included.

* * *

I've always understood that you need many men in a Ministry because Truth has many sides. That makes it all the more strange that men should discuss a new Government when we have men in the present one who can see such very different sides of it as some of those who've been making speeches recently. And such lots of people are getting quite excited over the necessity for a much smaller Cabinet. Some people even murmur things about Dictators—but they are busy people with no political ambitions for themselves or their relations.

* * *

In Leagues, as in Cabinets, the axiom about truth is borne in mind, it seems. Leagues flourish almost as well as gossip in war-time. We've had one of them so long now that it sent me its first balance-sheet the other day. It's meant to encourage clubs to look after the wives of men at the front—not the sort with little to do, but the wives already fairly well occupied with babies and housework and things—and I saw that, out of £500 received, they've given the clubs £42, and only taken £10 from them in affiliation fees. It is nice to see they've built up a bank balance of nearly £300, because they'll be able to go on encouraging at this rate for quite a long time on that, won't they? Only I could not help thinking it seemed

a pity they did not have someone on the committee who was expert at accounts, for I'm sure she'd have made the balance-sheet look better, anyway.

* * *

There! I'm sorry I wrote that, because I shall be called a man again. I've just had another message about that. "Can you tell us who 'Blanche' of THE BYSTANDER, is?" so one man tells me an R.F.A. officer has just written to him from the front. "She—or he—is the brightest spot in the war, so we think in our mess. The betting is 2 to 1 on it being a man, but the feminine style is wonderful if it is." The dear things!

* * *

But what I set out to tell you was that we have a brand new League with all sorts of people in it to encourage Economy—we spell it with a capital letter in England now. I'm going to join it right away, because this is really a nice League, with no red tape rigidity about it. You do have to sign a pledge about luxuries and so on but, as someone pointed out the other day, what is luxury to one person is normal living to another. Buying badges, for instance, must be normal living to nearly everyone, and when the luxury is dress you have only to promise to buy as few as possible, and it's only "unnecessary" entertaining that has to be given up.

"A small minority of the peace-at-any-price population"

* * *

And even though the pledge is framed so carefully it's quite recognised that exceptional circs. may prevent your carrying it out to the letter. In that case the "individual conscience" has to decide. If I'm not quite sure about my own conscience I suppose I shall have to go to the League leaders for advice. And that brings me back to what I was saying about getting a lot of quite different people in the same league, so that truth may be seen from every side. They've done it very thoroughly in this one.

* * *

After all the fuss and heart-searchings about that little question in the National Register on what you can do beside what you *are* doing—they take it for granted that everyone is doing *some* work—and whether you are "able and willing" to do it, I hear from one who really knows all about it that the question isn't going to be considered officially for the present. At least, the local authorities haven't been told to code or catalogue the useful possibilities as yet.

* * *

So lots of people who are very busy over quite useless but very interesting things—like seeing how much an audience will stand in the way of gagging or how best to get one's photograph in the papers at least once a week—will not be asked to add to the national wealth in factories just yet, or even to help break in young horses or mend clothes in hospitals.

* * *

The moment brings the man, I suppose (who is ours, by the way?), but has the crisis also produced a superwoman, who is not the least bit interested in other people's business? Evidently some people do not think so, for I hear lots of local authorities have got agitated anonymous letters protesting against women enumerators being appointed. Of course, women haven't really got much more curiosity than men—only they've more time to satisfy it, as a rule. Perhaps it *was* a little injudicious, though, of whoever was responsible to give women the delivery and collection of the National Register papers in their own district, as was done in some places.

"One of the swishest khaki-clad things I have ever met has promised me a glimpse of the latest wonder"

* * *

And in some of the gayest of riverside resorts the ladies who collected the papers from houses on the river bank were the cashmere-frocked - lisle - stockinged district - visitor sort of lady. They seemed quite embarrassed, I'm told, when asked for extra forms on Monday morning for guests who—so they evidently felt—should not have been there.

(*Continued on page 226*)

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 225)

There isn't much in the notion of going away to forget the war, for London is really quite as free from reminders of it as anywhere else. Life on the coast is not free from excitement. There is an air of "Let them all come" about the most secluded little spot just now—and "Them" does not mean visitors from inland to put money into the pockets of the inhabitants, but others who'd have to come by air or water in order to get there at all. Sandbags and wire entanglements lurk in the loveliest spots, and a daily excitement in some places is to see armoured cars—the without-wheels sort—practising tearing them all up again with grappling hooks and things.

* * *

And one of the swishest khaki-clad things I have ever met has promised me a glimpse of the latest wonder. Did you ever read a story by that greater prophet than he knew, Jules Verne, about a machine that could be a submarine and a flying-machine and a motor-car at will? Well, we haven't, of course, got quite to that yet, but we are getting there. Experimenting with these things, they tell me, is more exciting than polo or steeplechasing or pig-sticking, and that's such a comfort, for one does like to know that some of the khaki-clad heroes are having a blithesome time.

* * *

As for the others—those who are bearing the brunt of the mistakes for which, I suppose, we are all (on the principle that each country gets the Government it deserves) responsible—they try to make us believe that even they have their compensations. One man I know has written home from that Eastern peninsula of dreadful death and glorious gallantry to say that he has been quite cured of the insomnia from which he once suffered. "I sleep like a dead donkey," he writes. "Isn't it glorious?"

* * *

Those of us who do not sleep will have to take, willy-nilly, to Nature's remedies—fresh air and exercise and all that—for there's a great scarcity of doctors and of drugs. They are among the things that have "gone up"—the drugs, I mean, of course—and my pet pharmacist told me the other day of one simple ingredient in a common prescription that cost four shillings a pound before the war now costs seven times as much. I haven't worked out the sum, but it sounds alarming.

* * *

As for doctors, well they simply haven't got time for those exhibitions of bedside manners about which G. B. S. used to be so nasty—and I ask you, if your doctor hasn't time to be sympathetic is it worth while running up a long bill? Because in these days people want paying some time or other, and some of them don't forget to mention the time with a quite impolite definiteness.

* * *

All the meetings that are being held in England now are not of the "Fight-to-a-Finish" order. As was only to be expected, there is a small minority of the Peace-at-any-Price population whom the terrors of this war has not brought back to sanity. They heartily concur in the sentiments of that little lullaby so popular in the States, we're told. They didn't raise their boys to be soldiers and kill some other mother's darling boy, you know. In fact what they want is to stop all fighting, disarm our armies, and then say to Germany, "There, now! You can't hit a man when he's down."

* * *

Some of them do admit that there's a chance that Germany might say, "Oh, can't we?" and take their fill of killing before they told us what to do next. But at any rate, according to them, our hands would be clean. Personally, I'd prefer my hands to be honestly dirty.

* * *

If you want to be popular with the Powers-that-Be you must not suggest a visit to G.H.Q. just at present — although I hear there are one or two Ministers who insist that, as they haven't yet been, they are entitled to a peep. Everyone on the other side is extremely busy, and likely to be busier, and there is less leave than has been the case for some time. A plain Tommy wrote home last week to mention that leave was being granted to his regiment at a rate of one man per week, so that at the end of six years or so they would all have been across for five days.

"I ask you, if your doctor hasn't time to be sympathetic, is it worth while running up a long bill?"

* * *

You might think, from the deserted aspect of some of the shut theatres, that there wasn't going to be an autumn theatrical season at all. But at Ciro's and other places where people still feed and frivol very happily, they tell another tale. And if most of the new productions seem to be fathered or godfathered by Americans we have, at any rate, one Pinero night coming and a well-boomed Palace show, so the Home-on-Leavers and wounded and maimed will have a little something to go on with in the way of amusement, and there'll be some sips of Lethe for the rest of us as well.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

Society Portraits of Current Interest

Photograph *Nadar*

VISCOUNTESS DUNCANNON

who has just given birth to a second son

Photograph *Val L'Estrange*

THE HON. CLARISSA TENNANT

Only daughter of Lord and Lady Glenconner and niece of Mr. Asquith, who is to marry on the 19th inst. at St. Margaret's, Westminster, Mr. Adrian Bethell, Lieutenant 2nd Life Guards, only son and heir of Mr. William Bethell, of Rise Park and Watton Abbey, Yorkshire

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

THE NEW MARCHIONESS OF TITCHFIELD

Formerly the Hon. Ivy Gordon-Lennox, the beautiful daughter of Lord and Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, whose marriage to the Marquis of Titchfield, eldest son of the Duke of Portland took place at Welbeck Abbey on August 12, the bridegroom having obtained short leave from the Front

"Somewhere in Flanders"

BY A BYSTANDER ON ACTIVE SERVICE

My Dear Bystander—

IT is many months ago now when I first made the acquaintance of Robert E. Lee. Robert E. Lee, I should explain, is a highly respectable, hard-working armoured train of unimpeachable reputation, and so called because the Boches are frequently waiting for him, but (for many reasons) they will most certainly never catch him. And lest the Censor be growing apprehensive, I will hasten to assure him that wild curates will not drag from me the locality where Robert billets and has his being, nor will any information likely to prove of interest to the enemy escape my discreet lips.

* * *

There is something about an armoured train that fires the imagination. People like to think that you can sit comfortably in the dining-car eating veal cutlets while bullets and things bounce off the roof and steel window blinds like hailstones off a tiled outhouse. The idea thrills them to the core. Others, again, are intrigued by the delightful fact that the Government have hired you a special train for your own convenience to do exactly what you like with and no officious guard to hustle you aboard when you would tarry awhile and stretch your legs at a wayside station. Incidentally, it may be noted that heavy pipe-smokers find an armoured train a useful thing to strike matches on. But this by the way.

* * *

I well remember the first journey I was permitted to make by the courtesy of Robert's commander. My primary sensation on boarding the train was one of reckless abandon. The whole train was at my disposal. I could sit in (what corresponded to) a first-class carriage with an old third-class return ticket belonging to the Great Eastern Railway, and there was nobody to make themselves disagreeable about it; I could even place heavy luggage (if I had any) upon the rack for light articles only. The novelty of the thing intoxicated me. I spent my first half hour in throwing bottles on the line, travelling under the seat, leaning out of the window, leaving and entering the train when in motion, throwing orange peel at the engine-driver, and pulling the communication cord (£5 or forty days).

* * *

The outstanding characteristic of the armoured train is the ability to shake itself about in such a way that it is always in two places at once, and never in the spot where you would have bet a fiver that it would be, and where it might have been if it hadn't hustled out of it five seconds before. In this way, after loosing off your guns at the foe, you have nothing left to do but to stand and shake with laughter while you watch the enemy's shells bursting harmlessly around the spot where you might have been if you hadn't moved off first, and where the foe fondly imagines that you still are. Owing to the darkness he has, of course, only the flash of the guns to give him a clue to his enemy's position.

* * *

I should mention in passing that the emotions experienced in the human bosom while the train is performing its celebrated shunting act resemble nothing on this globular planet, and should make a strong appeal to old Indian Colonels endowed with a liver of which a Strassburg goose might well be proud; though it is true there come back to mind faded memories of a metropolis of dazzling white in the Shepherd's Bush area where lived a sinister contrivance known as a "Wiggle Woggle," which — as the man at the gate earnestly assured bashful youth with a fair escort on their arm — was "guaranteed to shake the hairpins out of a lady's coyfure within thirty-five seconds. Step up and try your

(Continued on page 230)

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

A "Bitter" disappointment on waking

By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"The Girl They'd Left Behind Them"

SMITH, BROWN, JONES AND ROBINSON THINK OF THE GIRLS THEY LEFT BEHIND THEM, AND SHOW EACH OTHER THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THEIR BELOVEDS

THE PHOTOGRAPHS!

"SOMEWHERE IN FLANDERS" (concluded from page 228)

luck!" For this kind of lightning manœuvre you need a first-class engine-driver, a man gifted with imagination, a sense of humour, and a quick eye. For this reason men who in private life embrace the vocation of a juggler or a legerdemain expert are invariably selected for the work in preference to men of more mediocre attainments.

* * *

Up to the time of my visit the *personnel* of Robert E. Lee had barely sustained a single casualty, a remarkable circumstance directly attributable by the men to the presence of Ermyntrude, the train's cat, a sandy-haired feline with a docked tail. Ermyntrude has brought nothing but luck since her advent some seven months back. Before she had been twenty-four hours at the base, out of pure consideration, she had passed on to the sentry for the night—a notoriously drowsy individual—a certain active little stranger which made it quite impossible for the man to drop off to sleep, thus undoubtedly saving him from an ignominious death. Ermyntrude has passed an adventurous life. Of French parentage, she was abandoned upon the entry of the Germans into her native home, and was subsequently found by her present protectors upon the retirement of the enemy from that quarter. Her sympathies are entirely pro-Ally, and if you wish to rouse her from her complacency you have only to exclaim in your throat—"*Himmel Kreuz Gott Strafe England!*" and she will claw you down the cheek in a moment.

* * *

It is the habit of Robert E. Lee to sleep soundly throughout the day and to creep out with the falling shadows in the prosecution of his deadly mission. In this way he does not offend the eye of the Huns. On the occasion of my visit we started out from the base at eleven o'clock. At frequent intervals throughout the earlier part of the night we would drag fretfully to a halt and remain rooted to the spot sometimes for half an hour at a stretch, an opportunity seized by the cook—a man with a delicate stomach—to pay a stealthy visit to certain hen-roosts he wot of within a stone's throw of the permanent way, muffled crooning sounds on his return testifying to the grateful fact that his mission had not been entirely without fruit.

* * *

Our destination reached, we proceeded at once to get to business, after which we would do some rapid shunting and lie very doggo for a time, thus allowing active Teutonic hate to dwindle down to mere passive dislike. Then we would let the Huns have another whack, again execute some lightning railroad manœuvres, and once more adopt an attitude of strict neutrality.

* * *

And so the long night would drag slowly to a close, and with the first faint flush of roseate dawn illumining the heavens the order would be given to "Up Steam" and "All aboard for Dixie!"

CROSSING TO FRANCE

"See 'ow angry the waves are, Bill. They look just as if they was aclamouring for something, don't they?"
"Well, they ain't going to 'ave it—not if I can 'ang on to it any'ow!"

And just as Robert was about to bound forward in the direction of home and friends somebody discovered that Ermyntrude was missing. To return without Ermyntrude was unthinkable. In a moment big strong men with screwed-up lips, headed by the cook, were deploying in every direction, rendering the dawn hideous with what they fondly imagined to be sounds of endearment. The minutes passed, but no sign of the missing feline. Things were getting serious. Every moment it was growing lighter, and it was only a question of minutes before the Germans would discern the lithe sinuous form of Robert E. Lee in the gathering light. But it was impossible to abandon Ermyntrude to her fate. At this critical juncture the cook, who had returned to his den to begin to get some food ready, suddenly shot his head out of the window and announced in loud and blasphemous terms that that —— cat was at that moment gorging herself on the men's breakfast! Ermyntrude was safe.

Yours ever,

JACK JOHNSON

In Town and Out In Poland Now

LAUGHTER AND SCOWLS

A picture that is a telling commentary on the Kaiser's fatuous dream of peace with Russia and a future Poland under German lordship. While the invading officers laugh and pose in the streets of Sandomierz, the people look on distrustful and scowling. They never know when the jest may turn to more brutal humour

AS IN 1812

As the Russian Army retreated to their new line they left little behind of value to the enemy. This photograph, taken in the early stages of the great retreat, shows a scene the Germans encountered on their forward march to Warsaw

HOW WILL THE WAR END?

"Bystander" War Forecast Competition.

DIRECTIONS.

Fill up the form at the foot of this page and post as directed. In return you will receive a copy of our

WAR FORECAST MAP AND ENTRY FORM.

On the map, you are asked to mark the positions which you anticipate will be occupied by the Allied Armies on the cessation of hostilities. Also you are asked to give your forecast of the date at which hostilities will cease.

To the sender of the forecast which is judged by the Editor, on the close of hostilities, to be the most skilful, will be awarded a

Prize of £50

In the event of two or more forecasts being judged of equal merit, the prize will be awarded to the sender of the first of these to reach this office. There is no objection to an individual reader sending additional forecasts in subsequent weeks.

The latest date for sending in will be September 30, but the Editor reserves the right to extend it to a later date if circumstances make this advisable and, in the unlikely event of the war closing before that date, to conclude it earlier.

Members of the Services at Home or Abroad are specially invited to compete.

The decision of the Editor must be accepted as final.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE BYSTANDER."

Please send, post free, a copy of War Forecast Map and Entry Form.

Name..... ... .

Address ....

Cut out the above slip, place in an envelope, and address to the Editor of "The Bystander," Tallis House, London, E.C.

WHAT NOW of the WAR?

Aspects and Prospects by Land and Sea

The Effect of the Russian Reverses

BY MAJOR G. W. REDWAY

THE war drama of which the opening scene was laid in East Prussia last autumn continues to unfold itself, and another act has commenced with the evacuation of Warsaw. The Russians were expelled from East Prussia just after they were reported to be investing the fortress of Konigsberg. They seemed about to cross the German frontier near Posen, when, lo ! they retreated in hot haste to Lodz. They repeated their attempt to invade Silesia, and again were driven back and pinned in front of the Polish capital. Meanwhile in another theatre they had pushed their fortunes with more success, for Lemberg and Premysl fell into their hands and in Galicia no cloud was in the sky when the passage of the Carpathians was planned last March. Then Marshal von Hindenburg, as the villain of the piece, began to "get busy," as our American cousins say. His associates, the Austrian Generals whom we had supposed dead and done for, took a new lease of life, there was plot and counterplot, which resulted in the smart recovery of all losses, and during these operations in the South, heedless of the Russian navy, hostile landings took place in the Baltic provinces—a stroke which threatened to sever the railway communication between Warsaw and Petrograd, and is the proximate cause of the present situation—a retreat of the Russians from Poland in order to avoid a double envelopment.

* * * * *

In order to give these events a popular interpretation, we might sum them up by a distich at least as old as Erasmus :

"He that fights and runs away,
May turn and fight another day,"

illustrating the case on the plane of strategy by Wellington's defence of Portugal in 1810, when he withdrew from the frontier, fought a political battle at Bussaco, and then, flying southward, planted his army between the Tagus and the sea to cover Lisbon. Wellington knew exactly what he was about ; he foresaw that Massena "the spoilt child of victory," would hotly pursue, and he had already prepared that tremendous obstacle known as the Lines of Torres Vedras, before which his foe must lie supine until winter brought want and sickness in its train while the implacable guerillas intercepted the French convoys. Massena found his situation intolerable, and then decamped bag and baggage, and never did a French army set foot in Portugal again. The Emperor Alexander of Russia, when he "parted brass rags" with Napoleon in 1812, adopted Wellington's plan, and so ruined the French "grand army" which hoped to operate east of Moscow from a base that was west of the Rhine.

* * * * *

But these *cliches* of controversy are misapplied to-day in that Russia is not, nor has been, in this war for self-protection : her mission was that of the hammer while her Allies formed the anvil on which the Prussians were to be bent or broken. And Hindenburg's counter-stroke is more formidable than Napoleon's attack, since Berlin, not Paris, is the base of the invading army, railways have superseded roads,

(Continued on page 236)

Merely a fancy picture of William using his new capture for the downfall of Petrograd

From Our Artist Corr

"Dear Bystander,—We are at

espondent at the Front

resent staying at a farm . . . ”

BY CAPT BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

WHAT NOW OF THE WAR? (concluded from page 233)

motor-cars replace couriers, aeroplanes are a substitute for spies, autumn and not winter is before the German Army. But what is more significant of change is the amazing development of defensive tactics as the accompaniment of offensive strategy. We may be sure that the Germans will never give themselves the trouble of marching into the heart of Russia and "drag at each remove a lengthening chain" in the shape of a line of communications, for they have already entrenched a line opposite the Russian centre about Warsaw and secured the frontier of East Prussia.

* * * * *

These areas will now become the advanced bases of the invaders, who will doubtless extend the chain of posts through Ivangorod southwards, and from this secure starting-point push on but another march or two before repeating the digging-in process with which we are so familiar in the west. The thrifty Teuton will then fill the fortified region with his territorial forces and invalids to live at the enemy's expense, while the field army seeks fresh fields and pastures new—perhaps in Italy.

These matters are sufficiently serious in themselves, but to add to their poignancy we have the recollection of certain promises and prophecies of last September, when Colonel Repington of the *Times*, and Colonel Shumsky of the *Bourse Gazette*, were vaunting the power of Russia and the impotence of the Austro-German Alliance. They said that the Russians "had the ball at their feet" and we had reached "the turning-point of the war." While Generals Rennenkampf and Samsonov were fighting for their lives we were being tutored as to the mistakes of Austro-German strategy.

* * * * *

The consequences of a Russian defeat were always to be "obliterated," a German success was always "temporary," the defeat of the Austrians was "hopeless," the Germans were always "in a critical position," and the *Times* boldly declared that "Russian troops will soon become available to crush all opposition and nothing will then prevent the opening of the march on Berlin." It would be too unkind to rake up all the predictions of the small fry of journalism, and we may leave to the editor of *Notes and Queries* the task of unearthing the inventor of such phrases as "the Russian steam-roller."

* * * * *

We are impelled thus to draw upon an inconvenient memory because it is the shock of contrast that produced the wave of depression which damps even our August Saturnalia. Having been unduly lifted up we are unreasonably down-hearted over our Ally's discomfiture, but the immediate danger is less a military than a moral one. The Russian Army will recover, but what German diplomacy really feared was the resolution of the peoples more than the achievements of the Generals, and rightly so. An army shattered can be restored, but when the confidence of the people is sapped it is the beginning of the end. The French and Russian journals remind us that we are partners in an enterprise involving our entire fortune, not shareholders in a limited liability company. It is nobody's business to set forth explicitly the extent of our contribution to the common fund, and to the mind of a foreigner the test of merit is summed up in one word—Conscription.

* * * * *

The French and Russians have learnt from experience that universal, personal, and gratuitous service in war is the bedrock of economy and efficiency in war, and know that we still jib at this change in our national habits. They perceive that even a sum of 600 millions poured out at the rate of three millions a day means but little more than six months supply—and what then? Our Allies simply fail to understand the kid-gloved handling of such vital matters as contraband and strikes by the British Government.

* * * * *

Of course, we might retort that this country never contemplated doing more than lend a hand to the French by adding half a dozen divisions to their twenty corps for land operations. The sea is our element when Europe is at war. Only the folly and wickedness of German statesmen in tearing up a certain scrap of paper decided our Government to intervene to the extent we have done. We recall these things now only to urge that if the Austro-German Alliance has so far prevailed the fault cannot be laid at our door.

* * * * *

But as to the future. We clearly perceive that our Allies need all the help we can give them in every direction. The truth is that every one of the Allies has yet to put its house in order, while the German war machine is functioning with all the precision and power which its Continental admirers and imitators anticipated. The situation, in fine, is this: The inability of Russia to step across the frontier is just the reason why the utmost efforts of her Allies must be put forth. To pretend that Russia is successful is to put forward an excuse for not helping her, and we needed some assurance in order to justify the prodigious sacrifices we are about to be called upon to make.

ON THE SANDS—IN GALLIPOLI

This picture shows a mule team of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, and was taken at Sed-el-Bahr

The Things They Say!

HOW RUMOUR ARISES

QUERULOUS OLD LADY: "What are all those posts standing out of the water?"
BOATMAN: "S-s-s-h lady—between you an' me—them's the periscopes of 'undreds o' German submarines wot's been sunk an' kept 'ere out o' the way o' the newspapers"

THE LAST STRAW

VISITOR: "How many times were you hit?"
TOMMY: "Only once, mum."
VISITOR (*disappointed*): "What; only once?"
TOMMY: "Blimey, 'ow often did yer want me to be 'it—yer old cannerbal?"

Country Life in War Time

WILL THINGS EVER BE AS THEY WERE?

THE fraternising that goes on to-day in country places owing to the war. . . . ! It is as though a social genie had got to work and killed the clique-y-ness of "sets" for ever.

* * *

Will the "county" spirit ever thrive again with quite its anti-bellum gusto? It seems impossible.

* * *

Once the qualifications for *being known* were most strictly observed. You must have been born and bred in a "place," rather than a house (a subtle distinction of enormous import); and held a name well-known to the Postmaster of every tiny sub-sub-sorting office in the county.

* * *

Or some gouty, hoary-headed member of your family must have been a squire *somewhere*; or some man-forsaken little church must have sheltered at least one grey stone tomb dedicated to a port-loving ancestor whose past was more uncertain than his present.

* * *

Or, at the very least, your father must have been curator to the same one hundred souls and lived in the same tumble-down vicarage for a painfully uneventful forty years or so.

* * *

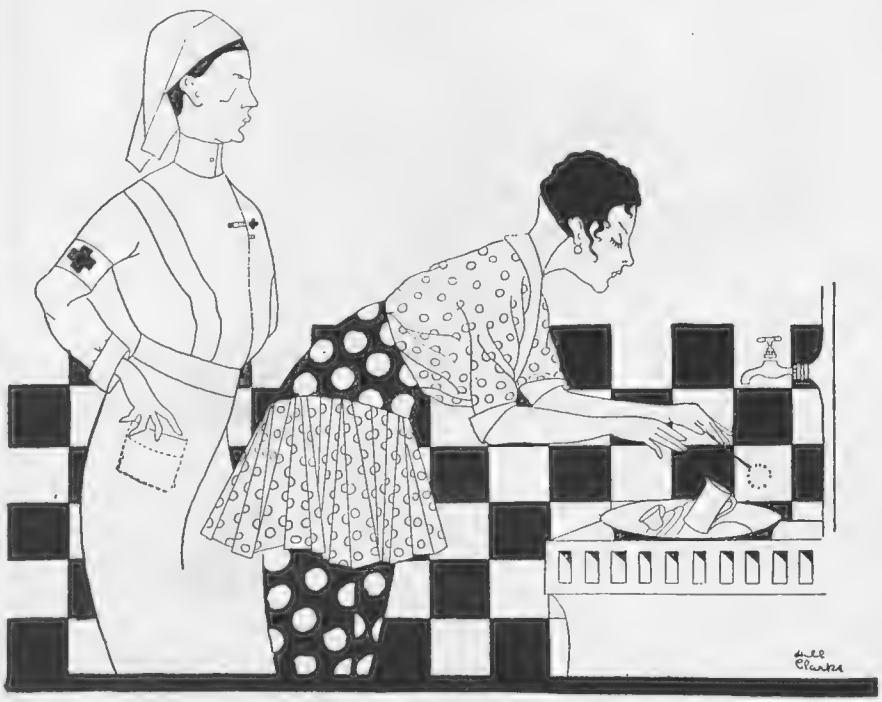
If you were a Londoner, a cosmopolitan, or, in the words of a philosopher whose name had better not be mentioned, a "good European," your presence in the county was hardly tolerated. If you moved from Midshire to Sidshire or *vice-versa* you took care to take your credentials with you.

* * *

Then, after the county had glared at you, your motors and your clothes for about two years, the while they wearied you with chilly but punctilious calls, they began to make you feel that you were fairly presentable after all, good form (which meant you observed their rules), and, therefore, knowable. . . . Your crime was in moving. It would take you years to live it down. *Why* had you moved? You belonged according to tradition, tombs, and the paternal "place," to Midshire; so in Sidshire you were damned. . . .

* * *

It was a system of social inspection played so carefully and slowly that a lifetime slipped by before you really knew your neighbours. And so the house-party habit was bred. Cliques were



"Beautiful be-photoed actresses do the washing-up in cottage hospitals"

COUNTRY LIFE IN WAR-TIME (concluded)

"War work has made existence in the country almost human"

so ubiquitous before the war that country people with a love for their fellow-men and women went in for imported sociability. It worked all right—at week-ends.

* * *

And now? Well, everything is absolutely topsy-turvy, with—socially—most happy results. The Duchess vies with the parson's daughters in practicableness. Your footman gets a commission. Beautiful, be-photoed actresses do the washing-up in cottage hospitals, over which the doctor's daughter, plain, but trained, reigns paramount. Lady B. is compelled by an empty subscription list to call on wealthy, local Mrs. A., and is much surprised to find her "a really charming woman." "Those impossible Miss C.'s" turn out to be invaluable. They are the only women in the neighbourhood who can keep a car from crocking up, as well as driving it prettily.

* * *

The county barriers are down, and so the local ones have fallen. The sense of rank has been replaced by the sense of *camaraderie*. It has taken war with all its gruesomeness to give country people something of the social genius possessed by educated Londoners. The charm of modern London is that one's knowableness depends upon one's personality and intelligence.

* * *

A sequence of gouty ancestors dating from the last invasion of England will not carry you into the enchanted circle if you are an unmitigated bore or snob. One's "people" count less than one's ability to please, amuse, and interest.

And so it has always been in real high life—in the houses of great men, in the *salons* of great leaders, in the studies of thinkers, the studios of artists, and in the boudoirs of women who make an art of graciousness.

* * *

War work has made existence in the country almost human. We have discovered all sorts of amiable qualities in our neighbours. Prestige pertains to the women who are known to have the largest number of their menfolk at the front. The alchemy of a common cause has humanised the squirearchies of England.

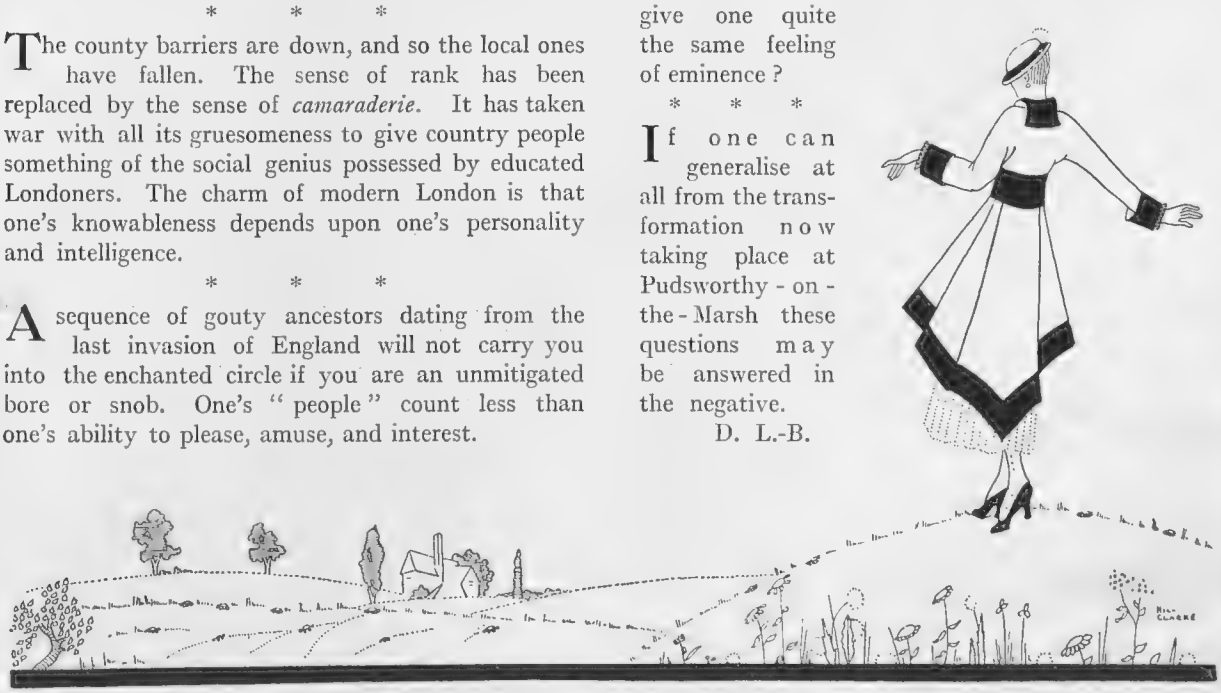
* * *

Can we ever return to the water-tight compartments in which each stratum of country society lived before the war? Shall we be so county-ridden? Will the possession of a few trees and fields give one quite the same feeling of eminence?

* * *

If one can generalise at all from the transformation now taking place at Pudsworthy-on-the-Marsh these questions may be answered in the negative.

D. L.-B.



"Will the possession of a few trees and fields give one quite the same feeling of eminence?"

How to be Happy Though Invaded

THE DIARY OF A PRESS OPTIMIST *(With Apologies)*

Place: Somewhere in England. *Time:* Sometime Next Year.

Monday.—After the brilliant defeat of the Germans at Dover, our armies have attained another strategic triumph in the successful retirement from the Kentish seaport to a well-prepared line having Canterbury as its centre. Dover has never had more than a sentimental value to the British nation, its position at the apex of a salient exposing it to attack. The new positions will afford our armies infinitely better ground for manœuvres. Dover will prove of little other use to our enemies than is provided by its sands for sea-bathing.

Tuesday.—A great and decisive British victory is announced from the East Coast. Enormously heavy losses have been inflicted on the landing forces at Yarmouth, Lowestoft, and Southwold. In addition to inflicting these losses, our armies have caused further confusion to the enemy by their successful evacuation of the coast towns mentioned, the occupation of which by the enemy will afford little more satisfaction to him than is to be gained from stays at seaside watering places. At no time have Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Southwold (or any other place that it happens to be convenient for our armies to evacuate) had any serious military value.

Wednesday.—National opinion will be electrified at the news this morning from the Southern front. A heavy defeat has been inflicted on the armies advancing from the coast on to the North Downs. Their occupation of the line Reading-Guildford-Dorking-Reigate was only achieved after they had sustained enormously heavy losses. The line itself, though it is the direct communication between Dover and the Aldershot-Salisbury district, is of considerably less value now that we have so successfully rid ourselves of the necessity of defending the Kentish coast resort, and, as a matter of fact, motor-'buses are nowadays considered a much better means of keeping communications between forces, especially when the railway line happens to be the South Eastern and Chatham.

Thursday.—The enemy occupation of the line Gravesend-Sevenoaks-Redhill is regarded as of no military importance. It is admitted that its junction with the forces occupying the line Reigate-Guildford-Aldershot (the latter place having been strategically evacuated by our masterly tacticians) encircles the southern defences of London, and that, the enemy possessing the Thames crossings, and his northern armies occupying the line Tilbury-Romford-Bishop's Stortford, the capital is three-parts surrounded. As, however, the enemy has not yet occupied the Harrow-Windsor-Reading line, the way is open for our armies, if it should be deemed advisable, to effect another of their brilliant withdrawals from indefensible salients. It may, therefore, be our agreeable duty, in a few days, to announce that London itself, never a place of serious military, though undoubtedly of considerable political, importance, has been successfully evacuated. Should this be the case, our gallant and intrepid armies will be in a much better position by the occupation of the line Liverpool-Birmingham-Bristol-Exeter-Plymouth, which will be exceedingly difficult to outflank.

Friday.—Rumour is prevalent in well-informed circles that the great military successes of our forces in successfully retiring from various untenable salients and unimportant cities is about to be followed by a political *coup* of surpassing brilliancy. It is said that the enemy is to be allowed to occupy the London positions, and that his stay there will afford an opportunity of entering into informal pourparlers as to the general situation, to see whether a basis of Peace with Honour may not be discovered. It is thought that the enemy may propose, as his part of the bargain, the cession to himself of India, Egypt, Australia, and various other outlying lands, and the payment to him of the proceeds of our war loans. It is not, of course, likely that he will get anything like what he asks for, but the best political and military opinion inclines to the belief that there may be an agreement to rid ourselves of the encumbrance of administering Oriental territories inhabited by disaffected Moslems, and antipodean wastes inhabited by hardly anybody at all. As to the war loans, while nothing like a thousand millions is likely to be made over to the enemy, it has all along been agreed that the Government would be well-advised to rid itself of a portion of its superfluous wealth.

Saturday.—The retirement from the indefensible Birmingham salient of our line Liverpool-Bristol-Plymouth has been effected with success, and the centre of the line now rests on the other side of the Severn, where a position of considerable force has been taken up. To guard against the possibility of even further successful withdrawals being effected, the remainder of the British Fleet has been mobilised in the Irish Channel, and arrangements are being made for the transport of the British armies across that stream to take up their positions on the line Belfast-Dublin-Wicklow-Waterford-Cork. The probable removal of headquarters to a place the name of which will prove a rallying watchword wherever the English language is spoken—Tipperary—is in itself a political stroke of far-reaching significance.

Sunday.—There is no news to-day from any of our fronts, as, thanks to our successful withdrawal into the Atlantic, there are now no British fronts to have news from.

Vivian Carter

Photograph *Yevonde*

A NEW AND CHARMING PORTRAIT OF LADY MAINWARING

The beautiful wife of Sir Henry Stapleton Mainwaring, fifth Baronet, Over-Peover, Cheshire

BYSTANDER STORYETTE

A Barren Victory

An Incident

I WAS sitting in the lounge of my hotel at San Sebastian, when I saw, looming towards me, the figure of the boring old gentleman who the previous day in the train from Madrid had succeeded in making what is at all times a monotonous and uncomfortable journey even more disagreeable than usual.

He came up to me with a copy of the *Times* in his hand, and I saw all hope of escape must be relinquished.

"Care to see Saturday's *Times?*" he began, genially, pulling a chair near to mine, "I saw it by chance in a shop on the Alameda. Remarkably fine account of the Kensingtons in action. But if I had been in command——"

With, I fear, an audible sigh, I closed my eyes and settled myself for a good hour's waste of time. There must be some method of curing these bores, I reflected, and old bores, like "The Colonel," as I called him, were especially numerous just at present.

At last, having disposed of the Allied forces both in Flanders and the Dardanelles, and having successfully captured my coffee-pot and ash-tray with my spoon, sugar-basin, and cigar end (I forget whether he called the coffee he upset the Rhine or the Aisne; I called it something else), he paused for a brief moment, and gently continued:

"But I've come here for a complete rest, you know, and the only address I left at home was the club at Gib. Gib. has to send my letters to Madrid, and I have not yet written there to give them my address here. There is nothing like ten days peace and quiet in these times. What have you been doing all day?"

I had, in fact, been spending the last ten minutes in evolving a plan of campaign which I proceeded to put into force. But I did not tell him this. Instead I answered him:

"Oh, nothing much. I went to the Casino, where I met an old school pal of mine. He is convalescing at Biarritz—come straight from the front. His nerves gone all wrong, you know. He was in the 25th Fusiliers when——"

"The 25th Fusiliers," began the Colonel. But I would allow no interruptions, either reminiscent or prophetic.

"Yes," I said, hurriedly embarking volubly on a sort of *pot-pourri* of all my friend had told me. "Barely a week ago, he was in the thick of it. The 25th made a particularly gallant charge . . . enemy's trenches . . . order to retire . . . never daunted . . . blood and mud . . . marvel how he escaped without a scratch." Though nearly hoarse, I felt I was winning. "Another school pal of ours—we used to call him the 'Beetle,' I remember—because we always had to squash him—his real name was Verriker. . . ."

"Verriker, but are you—did you . . . ?" I was merciless, and continued stolidly.

"At any rate, he was killed pulling his sergeant out of danger. He would have got the V.C. had he lived. Funny how chaps that seem awful rotters at school invariably turn out the right sort afterwards. I remember——"

Photograph *Newman*

APPARENTLY NOT DOWNHEARTED

Seven members of the Inns of Court O.T.C. at Berkhamsted camp, who are, apparently, not as conscious of the seriousness of the situation as they ought to be (vide certain newspapers)

Five minutes later I paused quite out of breath, and looked at my victim without pity. It appeared to have been too much for the old gentleman. He seemed indeed so crushed that apparently he did not notice that I had ceased talking. I therefore continued:

"So then I put the kettle on the fire, and when the old man came in he said 'boo' to a goose, and he did right, by Jove, didn't he?"

"Yes," assented the Colonel meekly. His eyes, I noticed, were dim, and he had a far-away look.

I had achieved my object. I arose with great dignity.

"I am sorry, sir," I said, "that you find my conversation so boring. But I promise you I shall not inflict it on you any more.

"Please forgive me," he replied, full of apology, "if I seemed distrait, but, you see, my name is Verriker, and I have two sons in the 25th. I am wondering which it is that has been killed. I think you would have called the youngest 'The Beetle'; he was always so cheeky, so damned cheeky. God bless him!'

And he buried his face in his hands.

(All rights strictly reserved)

Talent at the Theatres

MISS MOYA MANNERING
Who replaced Miss Laurette Taylor in "Peg O' My Heart" last Monday week at the Globe, with great success

MISS MILLIE SIM
A star who will shine for some time to come in a new production to appear shortly at the Palace

Camera Portraits
MISS WINIFRED BARNES
Playing the title rôle in "Betty" at Daly's

E. O. Hoppé
MISS PEARL KEATS
Wife of Mr. Keble Howard, who is playing the part of Connie in her husband's play, "The Green Flag," at the Criterion

Maker of the Town's Music

SIR HENRY WOOD, THE PROMENADES AND THE NATIONAL IDEA

BY HOLBROOK JACKSON

Is England Musical?

ONE of the most persistent, and, I fear, most popular, libels on the English is that which delights in charging us with lack of musical taste. From the same source comes the equally familiar charge that we are an inartistic nation—but that is another story. Anyhow, neither is true. My theme, however, is music, and without any further attempt to controvert the first-named libel, it is sufficient to point to Sir Henry Wood, his orchestra, and his audiences. Now it may be urged that this argument is false on the ground that it is not England that is musical, but England's great conductor, and that he is gradually giving us a musical reputation which we do not really deserve. My opinion of Sir Henry Wood is so high that I might almost be persuaded to believe him capable of that impossible feat; but holding the belief that you cannot educate into a man or a nation what is not already there, I am forced to be disobliging. An educator can only develop qualities and tendencies which exist within the mind or consciousness of his pupil; he cannot put them there. His business is discovery and cultivation, not creation. So by discovering that England can appreciate fine music when properly set forth, Sir Henry Wood has proved that we are musical as a people. But he has done something far greater than educate us; he has educated us whilst entertaining us, and placed London in the front rank of the music centres of the world.

* * *

Prodigy and Master

Sir Henry Wood was born in 1870, and he is that rare product—a London-born genius, so it is only poetic justice that the capital city should be the scene of his triumphs. Music was in his family, his father being a good amateur 'cellist and for twenty-five years solo tenor at St. Sepulchre's, and his mother was a singer of much ability. Young Henry Wood had all the precocity of the born musician, and it is said that, like Mozart, he could play classical pieces at the age of six, and as a small boy of nine years he became deputy-organist at St. Mary's, Aldermanbury. At the Fisheries Exhibition in 1883 he gave an organ recital, being billed as "Master Henry Wood," and in the following years similar recitals were given at various places. During these years he was a diligent student of music as well as a professional performer. He served six terms at the Royal Academy of Music, gaining four medals. Later, a year was spent with the Rousbey Opera Company. In 1891 he was conductor to the Carl Rosa Opera Company. The climax of his career was reached in 1895 with the opening of the Queen's Hall and his appointment to conduct one of those series of Promenade Concerts which have become so great an incident in the musical life of London.

The Quality of His Achievement

Here is evidence of wide activity and great achievement; but it is finally the quality of achievement and not its notoriety that counts. An examination of Sir Henry Wood's work as a conductor at Queen's Hall, however, leaves no doubt as to its value and importance. In the first place he has organised an orchestra which is in itself a work of art—a triumph of its kind, capable, perhaps, of a wider range of expression than any other modern organisation of musicians and ranking with the best English orchestras of any time. That in itself is an achievement upon which fame might well rest, but Sir Henry Wood's fame is more firmly based still in the educational value of the music he has drawn out of his orchestra. He, for instance, has done more than any other conductor to make England familiar with modern Russian music, and he has gone far towards making Wagner as familiar as Sir Arthur Sullivan. Before the now famous Queen's Hall Concerts, the average music-lover got his Wagner very much by proxy. The greatest of modern composers was known largely by repute or by the scrappiest of acquaintanceship. Sir Henry Wood revolutionised that state of affairs by his lavish Wagner programmes which have not only made Wagner popular on the orchestra, but have gone far towards making Wagner a success in the opera house. He will doubtless give us less German music during the war and after, though Sir Henry is too sane to fall a victim to those cranks who advise us to cut off our nose to spite our face by banishing German music. Let us pay the enemy the compliment, even in war-time, of appreciating his one great product. It is German militarism we are fighting, not German music.

* * *

British Music for the British

Sir Henry Wood is the first conductor of genius in this country to recognise native musical genius. Consistently and persistently he has given orchestral expression to British music by making his vast audiences familiar with the work of Elgar, Granville-Bantock, Edward German, Walford-Davies, Hubert Bath, Holbrooke, Rutland Boughton, Vaughan-Williams, and William Wallace. There are, of course, various opinions as to his method of interpretation, but there are no two opinions as to the effectiveness of his method of impressing immense and enthusiastic audiences with the splendour of great music. His Promenade Concerts, where people stroll, smoke, and listen; his Symphony Concerts, where people sit and listen, are new things in English life—not because they bequeath great music to a little clan of musical people, but because they bequeath great music to the great public. Sir Henry Wood has discovered the musical public; that is his supreme triumph.

HOLBROOK JACKSON

Is German Music to be "Strafed"?

Special Camera Portrait by *Alvin Langdon Coburn*

SIR HENRY WOOD

The well-known conductor who, in spite of his firm belief in British music and British composers, will probably agree with Mr. Holbrook Jackson that we are fighting German militarism and not German music. It is to be noticed, however, that such German music as is to be found on his programmes belongs to the period when Germany was a loose collection of comparatively civilised States

Art Memories of Former Wars

AND ANCIENT SERBIAN SLAVERIES

THE collection of works by Ivan Meštrović in the large galleries at the South Kensington Museum is astonishing and delightful, and sometimes highly eccentric. In a note on the sculpture Mr. Bone says "his heroic art, indeed, is almost the only art that does not seem alien to these mighty days." If one were allowed to change mighty to horrific the sentence would exactly express my view and the view of all those who are open-minded and sympathetic in regard to every sincere artistic accomplishment, however distant from conventional ideas.

But Meštrović is many masters in one, and if you chance to be fatigued by his heroics you may well be engrossed by his extraordinary modern portraiture. If you cannot, or will not, enter into the force and primitive qualities he employs in expressing the past history of Serbia, with its slavery beneath the Turks and its recent freedom and its constant struggle and warfare, you will value his utter candour, his don't-care-a-damn boldness and strength, his mastery of his art and his inspiration and large point of view.

Now war and insentient slaughter are the playthings of once pacifist Governments and peoples, and Meštrović's sculptured history of old disastrous battles and the eternal human struggle to cause misery to man, makes an irresistible appeal to the imagination. Although his work has doubtless been done during the last fifteen years, his art is of the moment, or, perhaps, of the age, when the sense of tragic things is being hammered with steel upon the bleeding hearts of men.

WIDOW OF KOSOVO, WITH SON

Symbolic of the womanhood of the Serbian race mourning the downfall of the old Serbian Empire

A PORTRAIT BUST IN BRONZE OF THE ARTIST'S WIFE

Lent by John Lavery, Esq., A.R.A.

Four sculptures by Ivan Meštrović at South Kensington Museum

His heroes, such as the famous figures of Serbian legend and popular poetry, Serge or Marko Kraljević, express the spirit of warfare with almost Chinese cunning and clearness—brainless and brave; savage, and with a strong feeling of convention, they are set before us with all their faults and all their elemental powers plainly shown. They belong to types and modes of thought which we should have considered dead a year ago, but which we now recognise as highly potent in the world's affairs. They tell us always of tragic destiny and of the accomplishment and victory of the artist.

Some critics have complained of the praise which has been lavished on Meštrović, and Professor Selwyn Image, whose opinion carries great weight, suggests that the taste of both the sculptor and the authorities at the Victoria and Albert Museum may be questioned. Those who are inclined to be influenced by such views should visit the exhibition, where, I feel certain, all people who can appreciate the great spirit of the antique arts will find very much to admire and enjoy much that is noble and inspired.

On the historic and symbolic side of the art of Meštrović the model in wood of, and the various heroic decorations for, the Temple of Kosovo must convince the world of a new force in art. There are two groups of mothers with young sons intended for the Temple, whose grandness of feeling and great passion and tragic intensity lift them beyond and above the regions of commonplace professorial criticism. This statement applies equally to some

ART MEMORIES OF FORMER WARS (concluded)

Meštrović Sculpture at South Kensington

A YOUNG DALMATIAN PEASANT

other groups which have been considered from a point of view altogether dis-adjusted to the nobility of the work and to the symbolic character of the suggested decoration of what is to be, or might possibly be, the Southern Slav Valhalla.

If you turn to the portrait busts you discover another and, no doubt, more readily appreciated Meštrović. The portraits of the artist's wife and mother and of Leonardo Bistolfi, the Italian sculptor, are in a very different manner from the "Torso of a Hero," the glorious Strahinić Ban, or the sketch for the colossal "Victor," but they are informed with the same boldness and completed with infinite accomplishment. There is a portrait bust of a lady (here illustrated) which I will defy even a professor of any art to find in bad taste; a very beautiful "Young Dalmatian Peasant," and a wonderful "Blind Gusla-Player," all exquisite examples of the profoundly difficult art of portraiture in sculpture. These would alone place Meštrović in the first rank of artists, modern or antique. It is some years since I saw Monsieur Auguste Rodin, who has, with many others, greatly influenced Meštrović, but the portrait in this gallery shows a strong inclination towards humorous caricature — not a frequently displayed characteristic of the exhibitor. There are, also, plenty of works one does not like or, possibly, understand, which is usually the same thing. I think the frequently reproduced "Annunciation," carved in white plaster with part of the surface flat, is a failure in a method long ago perfected; the twelve types of Serbian womanhood during the Turkish oppression, which form the caryatids for the designed Temple of Kosovo, are certainly seen to great disadvantage as they are now placed, and, however shown, could hardly delight, except, perhaps, from a historical point of view. There is one possible marble torso of a "Dancing Woman," Italian in feeling, and another completely out of drawing; both are unpleasingly heavy. There are some vases, beautiful in themselves, on which the decorative figures are as boldly elongated as in an antique Greek example; there is a "Crouching Woman," with all the faults, or advantages if you will, of a drawing by Blake. There is a group of "Virgin and Child," for which I cannot get the right point of view, and there is a "Christ on the Cross," which appears to follow an outworn affectation. And there are some other examples that seem to belong to old ideals and past ephemeral movements and adventures. But these do not rob the exhibition of Meštrović's work of its grandeur and glory nor cast a doubt upon the advantages to the public of so profoundly inspiring a collection of statuary.

EGAN MEW

COLOURED BRONZE PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"Her Forbidden Marriage" at the Lyceum

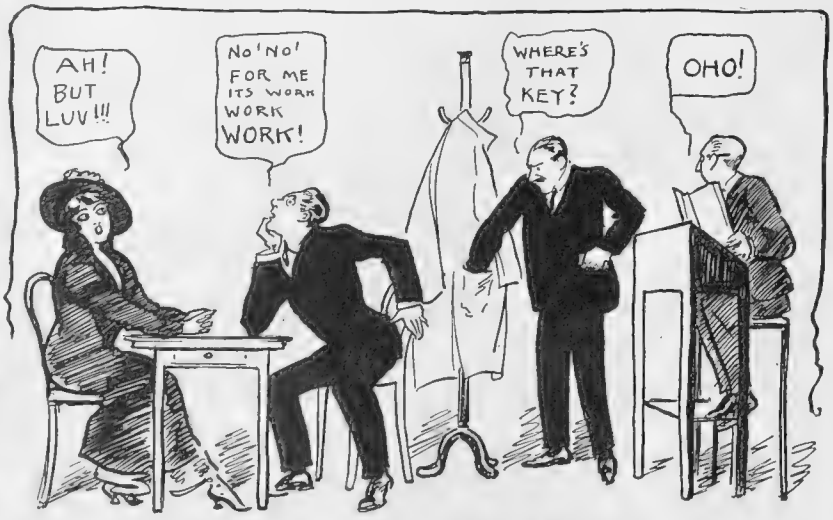
BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THE sub-title of this exciting play is "The Whirlwind Drama of Surprises," and criticism is thus adroitly disarmed at the start. Any staggering incongruity that might be objected to could easily be explained away as one of the "surprises" previously announced. Nevertheless, the drama, having been written by Mr. Fredk. Melville, an acknowledged master of the gentle art, is quite agreeably entertaining; while the acting maintains a surprisingly high level of excellence throughout. To save the audience the trouble of following the tiresome intricacies of a new plot, the story is kept, as far as its main features are concerned, rigidly to the recognised essentials of melodrama. It is only the details that are varied. Thus, the hero is an extremely good man who, being falsely accused of crime, is unfortunately obliged to become a convict; and it follows as a matter of course that he breaks away from jail just in time to save the girl he loves from being compromised by the villain of the piece.

The hero, George, opens with an announcement that he has never been in love, his work as an engineering inventor having left him no time for such frivolities. By a strange coincidence it is just at that moment that the fair Lucy walks into his office, and you can see at once that it is a clear case of love at first sight on both sides.

THE COMIC VILLAIN FORGETS HIMSELF IN CHURCH

The hero does not know, of course, that Lucy has money, and as it would spoil the romance if he knew, nobody tells him. We keep it as a pleasant surprise for him at the end of the play.



ACT I., SCENE 1: THE DIRTY WORK BEGINS

About this time the "whirlwind surprises" begin, and the excitement is quite exhilarating. A fast motor-car stands at the door of the ancestral hall, the villain having made arrangements to whisk Lucy as an unwilling bride to a church twelve miles away, where a parson is waiting to perform the usual ceremony. While the villain is indoors bargaining out the last few details with Lucy's guardian, the fair girl herself strolls on the stage in the arms of the hero. They see the car; the chauffeur is their trusted friend. Why should they not dash off to the church and take advantage of the elaborate marriage preparations made by the villain? I did not myself know that you could run off and get married like this without some kind of preliminary notification somewhere, but this is, no doubt, another of the "surprises" of the piece. Besides, it would be looking a gift horse in the mouth to cavil at minor details when the general interest and excitement have been so well worked up.

Another "surprise" is that which comes to us after the hero and heroine have dashed off at a speed which the programme claims to be forty miles an hour, and the villain and his friends decide to try and overtake the runaways on horseback. A pictorial advertisement of this scene goes so far as to show the horsemen hard behind the flying car at a certain stage of the journey. I do not know much about horses, but the next time I meet the racing expert of this journal I must ask him what he thinks of the chances for the next Derby of a horse that can travel at the rate of forty miles an hour. Still, little details of this sort can be readily overlooked in the absorbing story of the pursuit.

(Continued on page 250)

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of the Norvic Shoe Co. have enlisted; many of them are "somewhere in France," others are in training at the various depots throughout the country, and all of them rely upon your steadfast support so that the Norvic Shoe Co. can continue to assist their dependents and hold their positions open for them when they return.

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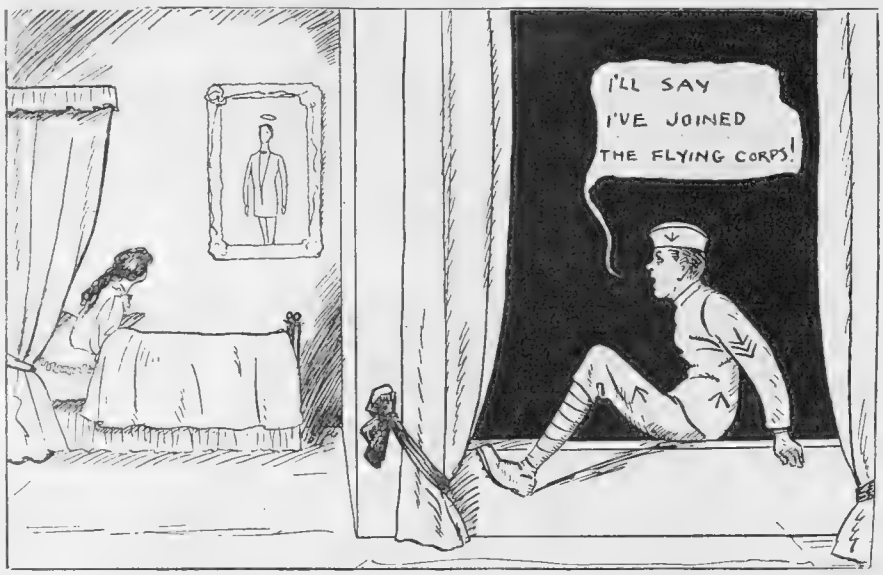
LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded from page 248*)

"THE WHIRLWIND DRAMA OF SURPRISES".

After the horses have gone, another man follows on a bicycle which he has only just learned to ride, and as he is further handicapped in the race by his frock coat and silk hat, the fun becomes really healthy. The uproarious part of the pursuit, however, is taken by the man who attempts to follow the procession on a buck-jumping mule. Outside the obvious extravagance of the scene, which need not be insisted on, it is one of the best and liveliest that I have ever seen in melodrama. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that when the pursuers finally arrive at the church to stop the wedding, the clergyman informs them that they are just a second or so too late, as George and Lucy are already Man and Wife. (Loud and prolonged cheering.)

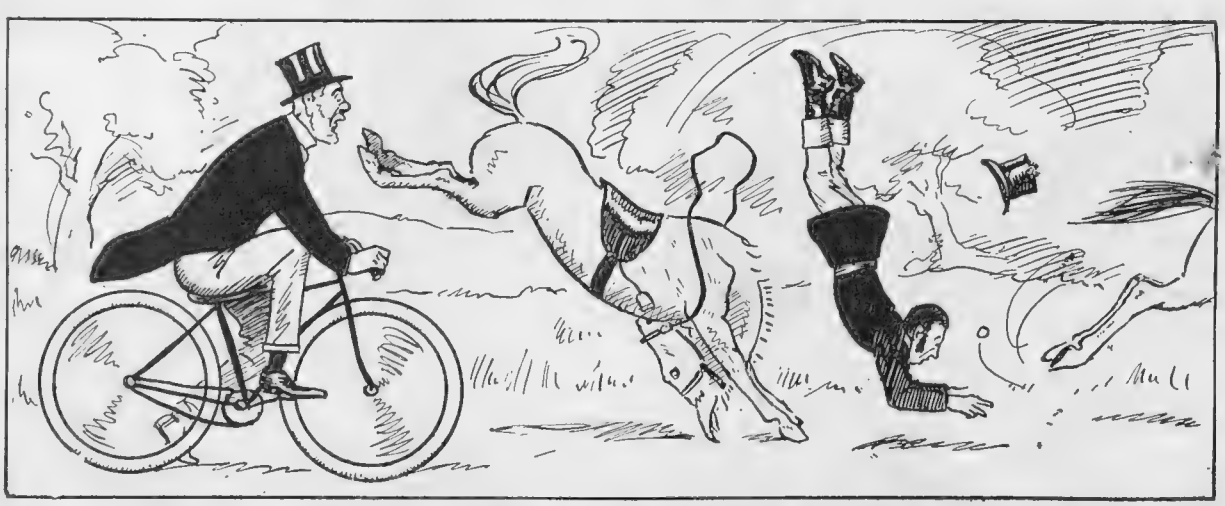


THE FLYING KHAKI-CONVICT HERO MAKES HIS FIRST FLIGHT

Lucy's husband then adopts the undesirable career of a convict, leaving her without adequate means of support. She has been obliged to return to the home of her childhood—the house of the guardian who forbade her marriage. It is here that the villain, still eager to obtain possession of her money, plots with the lady of the house to carry Lucy off so that he can marry her enough to have the first call on her investments. I dare-say if he were less of a villain and more of a financier he would see the pathetic futility of his plan; but as things are, he seems satisfied that it is quite all right. The scene does not, after all, amount to much; but it is, no doubt, produced because it is understood that the girls like this kind of thing. It appears that there are quite a number of young women who give much time and thought to the problem of what they would do if they woke up at night and found a strange man in the room; whereas in the majority of the cases concerned the man would have to be very strange indeed if he found any inducement for his eccentricity.

Still, that is what happens here. The villain, with the help of his lady confederate, strolls into Lucy's bedroom, and does his best to give the unclaimed maiden ladies in the house the joyous thrill for which they have paid away the price of admission. After a few heated words, he makes a vigorous attempt to carry off his prize, and is only intercepted at the last moment by Lucy's husband, who, as hereinbefore adumbrated, has broken jail for the purpose of rescuing his dear wife, and, incidentally, making a rousing "curtain" to the third act. The play is, of course, frankly melodrama for popular consumption, but it is a very good example of its kind.

JINGLE



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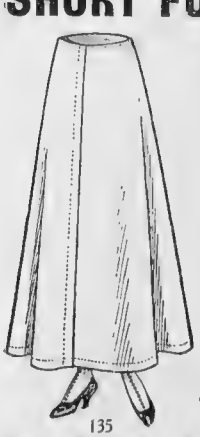

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Motoring in Divers Expressions

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

A Splendid Record

THE Hampshire Club report is a document of splendid service. It reads cheerfully. It helps one to shine as a motorist if only in a reflected glory. If a county motor club can do so much, then motorists as a whole are not least among the volunteer helpers of England in a time of stress and strict testings. I have urged this claim before in several connections. Hampshire is but another "exhibit" in support of the case. Every one of the considerable fleet of private cars maintained at the Club's Red Cross Garage at Hythe is manned by volunteers, ineligible for military service. They have worked the more earnestly for being denied the chance of serving with the forces. They have carried 9,000 wounded, they have run King's messengers to London, they have been at the beck and call of military authority every hour of the day and night. At one time eighty cars were engaged on one job, and as an example of the running involved, one car alone has clocked 15,000 miles in the service. Altogether, fine. Will the Chairman, Mr. Charles Braun, convey my still small appreciation to the Club?

***

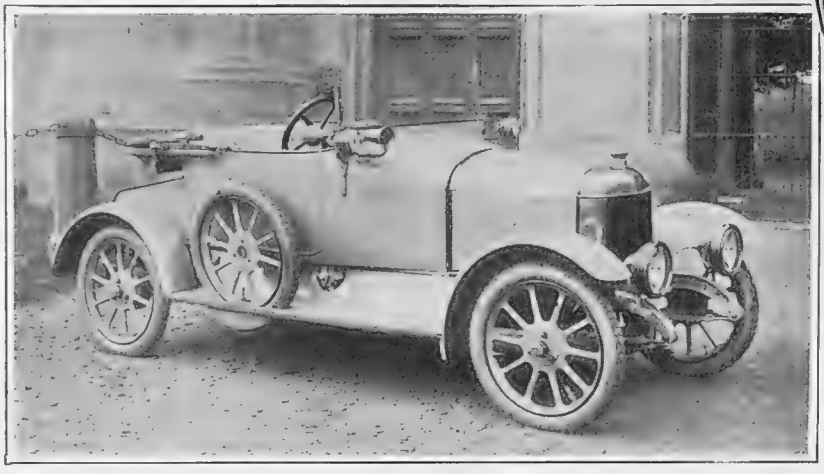
The Anti-American Gibers

These gibes at the Americans for supplying cars to the country at a time when no other cars are available are peculiarly impotent. One of these days the gibers will tell us exactly what the Americans should do; and then they may be pleased to proceed to reconcile the interest of the private motorist with what they consider the right action of the American manufacturer who is selling cars in this country because the country wants them very badly, and, indeed, would be "stuck" if they were not available. I am for the British article when I can get it; but when I can't get it (either because it is not available or I cannot afford it) I must fall back upon the next best thing. Well, what is the next best thing and what is the private motorist to do if that is all he can buy? Answer, impotent gibers!

***

Postponed Owing to the War

If the war had not happened we should by now have had an opportunity for testing the new Raleigh, a small car which, on the specifications, promised very well. Sir Frank Bowden, one of the most recent and one of the most notable additions to the ranks of the baronets, has been a forefront figure in the cycling world ever since cycling had an industry of its own. Himself still one of the most enthusiastic exponents of that recreative exercise, a road man to the marrow of his bones, and a traveller of parts with seven tours round the world, bicycle trips into the Sahara, across Syria, and heaven knows where else to his credit, it followed that, when he set out to make bicycles, they would be machines of exceptional merit, satisfying the requirements of the cyclists because constructed by one who knew very intimately just what those requirements were. Thus it has been. The Raleigh was always one of the most popular bicycles on the road (they were making 60,000 of it last year); and I make no doubt that, having decided at last that the time had arrived when he should make a car, Sir Frank Bowden must have produced a vehicle which, within the conditions of its power, accommodation, and price, would have maintained the Raleigh bicycle traditions and have attained to equal comparative popularity. As it is, the factory, all ready to start work, has been given over to the making of munitions, and the advent of the Raleigh car is necessarily postponed to the end of the war.



THE RALEIGH CAR

A new car of great promise manufactured by Sir Frank Bowden. The factory equipped to turn out this vehicle is now devoted to the production of munitions, and the car will therefore not be available to the public until after the war

SIR FRANK BOWDEN, BART.

A pioneer cyclist, and a notable acquisition to the ranks of the Baronetcy, and, incidentally, to the ranks of car manufacturers

***

An Overland Acquisition

A note to say that Mr. L. C. Van Bever, a white and very capable gentleman, Canadian by birth and English by breeding, has acquired a controlling interest in Overland, Ltd., which is in Great Portland Street, to distribute the Overland car around the United Kingdom and Europe. This, to me, knowing Mr. Van Bever, is good news. I think the Overland service will be the better for the acquisition of this big man; and that is of interest to the private motorist, who, in a very large and intimate way, is coming to be concerned with the Overland car.

***

Any afternoon of possible weather, drop in at the Hendon Aerodrome and see how pilots are made. All the schools are working at high pressure just now.

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BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 611.—Vol. XLVII. Wednesday, August 18, 1915 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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Practically adjoining 3 golf courses.

THIS VERY PICTURESQUE HOUSE, with its beautiful gardens, erected by the late owner at great cost, is in capital condition, standing on a south slope, commanding charming views. Hall, 3 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

ELECTRIC LIGHT AND WATER LAID ON. RADIATORS.
LIFT TO TOP FLOOR. SANDY SOIL.

Terraced lawns, rose pergolas, tennis court, rock and water garden, and park-like meadows of about

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Gardener's house, motor garage, etc.

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PRICE £4,000, WITH 31 ACRES.

On Sandy Soil.

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With excellent train service.

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TO BE SOLD, this singularly attractive little PROPERTY, well situated under a mile from station. It stands in

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TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, ON LEASE, OR FURNISHED for 3 months or more, a charming RESIDENCE, situated in a healthy district amidst lovely scenery. Accommodation: lounge hall, drawing room, boudoir, dining room, music room, billiard room, aviary, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, servants' hall, etc.; electric light, telephone, Company's water; heating by radiators; stabling and garage, coach-house, kennels; gardener's cottage; the grounds extend to about 20 acres and are well laid out; there are tennis and croquet lawns, pergola, lake with punt and fountains; kitchen garden and conservatory.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (F 2,999)

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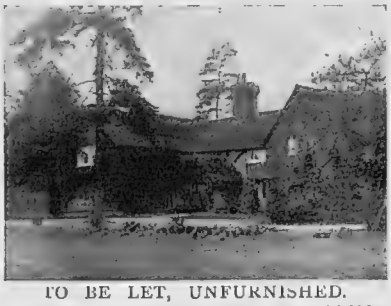

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The House is splendidly fitted-up throughout with every up-to-date contrivance for convenience and comfort, including passenger lift, service lift, fine principal staircase, and a secondary staircase, panelled walls, hot-water radiators, etc.

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THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HOUSE

of its size in the whole of London, exquisitely designed and appointed, with superb French and Italian decorations.

Fine marble staircase, electric passenger lift, choice fireplaces and doors, oak floors, panelled walls, and many other attractive features.

BUILT ABOUT 7 YEARS AGO REGARDLESS OF EXPENSE,

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The House possesses a handsome and wide stone front, with elegant bay windows, and the accommodation comprises: 12 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bedrooms for menservants, 3 well-fitted bathrooms, splendid entrance hall and landings, 2 staircases, morning room, library, boudoir.

WONDERFUL DINING AND DRAWING ROOMS,

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FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN PRICE.

It occupies an ideal position, facing beautifully timbered grounds and overlooking and having immediate access to extensive private gardens.

The House is thoroughly up-to-date in every way and is most tastefully and expensively decorated, large sums of money having recently been spent upon improvements, etc., including handsome mahogany doors, parquet floors, choice fireplaces, white panelled walls, well-fitted bathrooms and lavatory basins; new sanitation, etc.

11 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, charming boudoir, 2 beautiful drawing rooms (25ft. by 20ft. and 23ft. by 16ft.), fine dining room (44ft. by 18ft.), good library (17ft. by 13ft.); splendid domestic offices and capital stabling. Lease 23½ years. Ground Rent, £80.

Price, £4,500.

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(Would be sold with less land).

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delightfully timbered and perfectly secluded, with tennis, bowling, and other lawns, rose garden, lily pond, excellent kitchen garden, standard and wall fruit, etc., the area being about

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Main E.L., gas, water, drainage; S. aspect; near station. For SALE, or might be LET, Furnished.—Inspected and recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (X 5,199)

DOWER HOUSE. LOW RENTAL.

BERKS.—Well-fitted HOUSE, approached by long drive, containing: 4 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, capital offices. Stabling, with coachhouse or garage; excellent cottage garden, with tennis lawn, walled kitchen garden, 2 paddocks, the total area being about

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ON LIMPSFIELD COMMON.—Erected by well-known architect for owner's occupation, the HOUSE is well fitted, much of the woodwork being oak. Abutting on the Common, it contains: 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, and good offices; garden of about ¾ acre, delightfully laid out; main water and gas; S.E. aspect; sandy soil.

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8 ACRES.

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COUNTY WATERFORD (between Dungarvan and Lismore, amidst delightful scenery).—To be LET, Furnished, exceptionally attractive RESIDENCE of Italian design, containing 10 bed and dressing rooms, 4 reception, bathroom, stabling for 3, motor-house. BEAUTIFUL OLD-FASHIONED WALLED GARDEN, grounds laid out in terraces, sloping towards lake, tennis lawn, croquet ground; 250 acres young woods, forming good cock cover, snipe and duck shooting; good brown trout fishing in lake and rivers; hunting. MODERATE RENTAL TO APPROVED TENANTS.—Personally inspected and confidently recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 12,286)

HERTS (in a high and healthy position, under 1 mile from station).—To be SOLD, at a very moderate figure, a well-built and attractive PROPERTY, standing in

WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS OF

21 ACRES.

Suite of reception rooms, 18 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms; stabling; motor garage; cottage and small farmery.

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HERTS (G.N.R., 1 hour from King's Cross, 'midst lovely country).—An imposing and massively-built RESIDENCE: 3 reception, bath, 8 bedrooms; Company's water; main drainage; stabling, motor garage; cottage; farmery; charming old-world and heavily-timbered pleasure grounds and grass paddocks of

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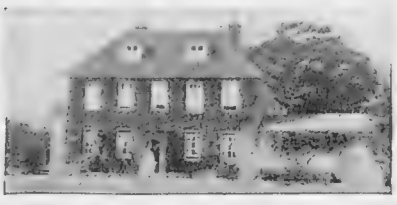

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DAINTY BLOUSE, as sketch, in ivory crêpe de Chine brocade, with waistcoat of plain crêpe de Chine, raglan shoulder and high turnover collar tied with moire ribbon.

25/9

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I am an Havana cigar and was first found by Columbus over 400 years ago when he discovered Cuba.

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Frankly I am a by-product.
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So, I am just as good a smoke, just the same tobacco, as my more expensive brothers.

But 5 like me only cost 1/6 which is the price of one of my bigger brothers, so I save you money.

Your Tobacconist will tell you all about me but not half as much as you will learn for yourself when you smoke me.

I am, yours to enjoy.

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WAR OFFICE

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SEE the Truth of the "Firestone" Claims

1. Seven plies Sea Island Fabric in Firestone—some are satisfied with six.
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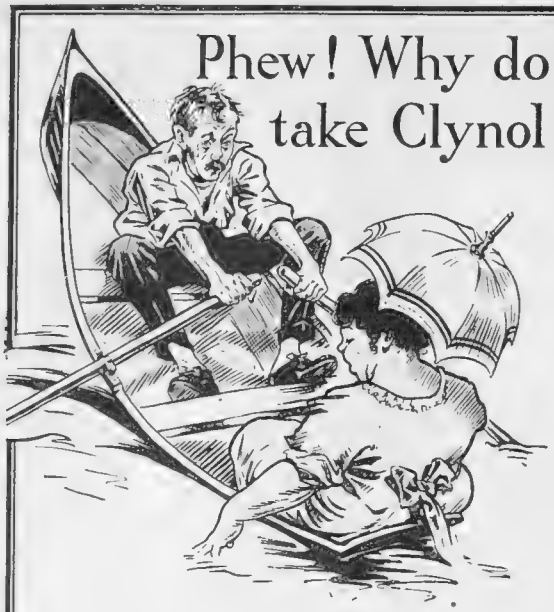

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WILL CURE YOU.

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THE COUPON NEED NOT BE SIGNED.

Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

"WHAT I was afraid for was the better-class evening stuff, but it sold like hot cakes," was a little piece of private information I gleaned from a representative source during my wandering through the shops just prior to the holidays, and which gave me to think as to the future fate of evening attire. All along the line the verdict has been heard that evening dress, in the strictest sense, will not be in any sort of request, and this is quite easy to believe, seeing that there is little likelihood of any kind of festivity conducive to its adoption. Dances are altogether out of the question, inclinations and partners both being absent from any such amusement. And oh! the pity of it, since under happier conditions the ball dresses of the present season must have been of the most adorable description, materials and *modes* alike combining to produce the daintiest, most desirable of filmy confections.

The curtain, then, having been rung down for the time being on such ephemeralities, it remains for us to view with unprejudiced eye the evening vista we are permitted to contemplate, and which includes a vast deal that is deserving of interested comment.

Picturesque Frocks of Flowered Taffeta

For quiet home dinner wear, flowered taffeta evening frocks are ideal, made on picturesque lines, with full-gathered skirts and "Little Bo-Peep" bodices, the elbow length sleeve finished with a ruffle of cobweb fine lace, of which also a tiny chemisette is fashioned. There is a certain hardy suggestion about these whole silk frocks that makes a particularly strong appeal in view of the economical mood of the moment. But should the close-fitting taffeta bodice be considered rather too severe, there are other styles equally charming and original claiming immediate consideration. For example, a deep-rucked belt of silk or velvet, carried right up to just below the arms with the sleeves and shoulder draperies of *ninon*, ivory-white, or of harmonising tone, is a well-accepted style; or a little pointed corselet of the taffeta is dainty in the extreme, supplemented by a tucked chiffon chemisette and frilled sleeves, and upheld over the shoulders by velvet braces.

Black and black-and-white, as always, is largely used in the construction of evening attire, varied by a rather bright navy blue. The latter, besides striking a novel note, has a considerable amount of reason to commend it, since it is sufficiently pronounced to be distinctive, and yet well-calculated to stand a considerable amount of wear without showing the dirt. A navy blue *tulle* gown was charming, the skirt arranged with three deep *picot*-edged flounces, each one disposed with a little point in front, a *mouvement* repeated in a tiny corsage of navy taffeta, the very low *décolleté* bordered by a wreath of tiny hand-made dull pink silk roses and bead foliage, and filled up to meet the *convenances* with a guimpe of the navy tulle, of which also the long transparent sleeves were made.

A DAINTY LITTLE BOUDOIR OR NIGHT CAP

Sketched by Dorothy Millar and described on page x.

The Demi-Toilette or Restaurant Frock

A charming substitute for regulation evening dress is provided in *demi-toilettes* of a wholly covetable order, great minds having set themselves at work to devise models that, while dainty and pretty, shall conform to the demand of the moment for quiet reasonableness

FASHION'S FANCIES (continued from page ix)

of expression. Paris has never swerved in her adoration of the *demi-toilette*, although we, over here, have been steadfast hitherto in our allegiance to the more pronounced low-neck styles. Therefore it is something of a revelation to find how very, very fascinating some of the new *demi-toilette* and restaurant gowns are.

Ninon, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, and soft silks are the materials in first demand for these dainty dresses, the bodices, for the most part, mere filmy wisps of things, usually completed by wrist-length sleeves. And from there we descend a step down in the scale of evening raiment until we come to that home stand-by,

The Rest-Gown.

After a day's strenuous work at some charity organisation, canteen, or rally, nothing is more refreshing or luxurious than a warm bath and an hour's laze, the subsequent dressing rendered infinitely easier if some quickly slipped on rest-gown is adopted in place of a more conventional evening dress. A change of some sort, of course, is imperative, not only to one's comfort, but also to one's self-respect, as under no conditions is it desirable to omit the dainty fastidious habits to which we are accustomed.

Now a rest-gown, to fulfil its primary object in life, must first of all be practical and free from extraneous detail, such a garment, in fact, as that designed by Mrs. Dorothy Millar, to be found illustrated close at hand.

The material suggested is soft grey satin, to which is toned the marabout feather trimming outlining hem of skirt, neck and elbow-length sleeves. Could anything be more delightful and becoming than this delicate grey scheme, although another expression that strikes me as unquestionably attractive is flame-coloured satin and dark brown marabout. The *chic* of the whole affair rests on a supreme simplicity, the skirt flare being contrived entirely by means of cleverly disposed gores, the entrance arranged as invisibly as possible with patent clip fastenings, occurring at centre front. That is all, and yet no one can deny the seductive character of this all-in-one rest-gown.

A CHARMING REST-GOWN
Designed for "The Bystander" by Dorothy Millar, and described by Mrs. Jack May on this page

A Dainty Little Boudoir or Night Cap

To the fastidious mind, ever on the alert to find something fresh and dainty in the way of boudoir caps, the fascinating design that forms the subject of my sketch on page ix this week must make a very strong appeal. Filmy spotted net fashions the mob crown, and wire mesh Valenciennes lace the frilly border a double frill of the same, mounted on a narrow ribbon band, forming the chin strap, the latter a most fetching departure, the join either side concealed beneath a rosette of some delicately coloured ribbon.

The Cream of Creams

Too much care cannot be taken to see that the cream you buy really is pure and sound. Refuse to have anything to do with the "preserved" cream sold in those tempting little earthenware jars or jugs; the preservative it contains—whether much or little—can do you no good, and may do you a great deal of harm. The only cream that can be relied upon always is that of the "Milkmaid" Brand. This is a truly delicious cream, rich and thick, and guaranteed by the proprietors absolutely pure and free from thickening material of any description. Packed in hermetically sealed, sterilised cans, it reaches you as pure, and as fresh, as when just taken from the rich new milk. It is obtainable at all the leading grocers and stores. Everyone interested in the "Pure Cream" problem should write for a copy of the dainty little illustrated book, "All About Cream," which will be sent post free on application to anyone mentioning this paper. Address, "Milkmaid Brand," C.L. Depôt, 6-8, Eastcheap, London, E.C.

Quaint Garden Furniture

Rural Industries, Ltd., of Ingham, Norwich, are specialists in many things which are greatly in demand to-day: willow chairs, hazel arbours, novelties in brown osier, garden baskets, garden mats, cleft and wattled hurdles, cleft fencing pales, poultry hurdles, tennis court hurdles, reed screens for protecting fruit trees and making temporary divisions of land, and numerous other articles both ornamental and of general utility. The firm's *raison d'être* is to organise and develop rural industries. In this way it is undoubtedly assisting the problem of the depopulation of the rural districts. All this firm's goods are made by rural workers under ideal conditions, from home grown material; and with a market found for their industry, and ideas put before them, increasing numbers of workers are being trained and are settling down in the health-giving country districts instead of

(*Continued on page xii*)

IMPORTANT PRIVATE SALE,

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High-class, Second-hand and Antique

FURNITURE

CARPETS, PLATE, LINEN, PICTURES, PIANOS.

To the Value of over £500,000.

Re The HON. WILLIAM LOWTHER (Deceased),
Lady HERBERT of LEA (Deceased),
Col. The Hon. C. E. EDWARDS, and
Lady BLANCHE EDWARDS (Deceased),

Together with the REMAINDER of the FURNITURE and EFFECTS removed from the LONDON MASONIC CLUB, of St. James's St., S.W.

SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.

Any article may be had separately, and, if desired, can remain stored free, and payment made when delivery required, or will be packed free and delivered or shipped to any part of the world.

122 COMPLETE BEDROOMS,

Including several fine Old English gentlemen's wardrobes, fitted sliding trays and drawers, from **£3 15s.**; several fine bow-front and other chests of drawers from **37s. 6d.**; old Queen Anne and other tallboy chests, from **6gs.**; well-made solid oak bedroom suites, complete, **£3 17s. 6d.**; solid oak bedsteads to match, complete, **16s. 6d.**; handsome china toilet services, from **3s. 6d.**; large bedroom and other carpets, from **7s. 6d.**; well-made solid walnut bedroom suites, complete, at **5gs.**; massive black and brass-mounted bedsteads, full-size, complete with spring mattresses, at **25s.**; very handsome design white enamel bedroom suites, at **£5 17s. 6d.**; four well-made large solid oak bedroom suites, at **£6 15s.**; four very artistic Sheraton-design inlaid mahogany bedroom suites, at **£7 15s.**; three artistic large bedroom suites, at **£9 17s. 6d.**; six very choice inlaid mahogany bedroom suites, **13gs.**; elaborate all-brass Sheraton-style bedsteads, with superior spring mattresses, complete, **45s.**; choice Chippendale design bedroom suites, **12gs.**; Chippendale-design bedsteads to match; Queen Anne-design solid mahogany bedroom suites, **£14 14s.**; all-brass square tube full-size bedsteads, with superior spring mattress, at **£3 17s. 6d.**; other bedroom suites in real silver ash and very choicely painted satinwood; also French bedroom suites in gilt and cream lacquer, up to **175gs.**

DINING AND BILLIARD ROOMS.

Fine tone upright piano, **£7 15s.**; a magnificent instrument by George Brinsmead, **14gs.**; and an exceptionally fine small grand piano, **£25**, equal to new. Several sets of complete old English table glass, from **£4 15s.**; four oak American roll-top desks, at **£3 17s. 6d.** Several fine quality real Indian and Turkey carpets, all sizes, from **£4 17s. 6d.**; real Turkey rugs at **17s. 6d.**; elegant Queen Anne-design sideboard, fitted drawers, cupboards, etc., **£7 15s.**; set of eight Queen Anne-design dining-room chairs, comprising two large carving chairs and six smaller ditto, **£8 15s.**; oval extending Queen Anne-design dining-table, **£4 10s.**; Queen Anne-design mantel-mirror to match, **42s**; eighteen luxurious Chesterfield settees, **£2 15s.**; luxurious lounge easy chairs to match, at **£1 10s.**; magnificently carved grandfather clocks; finely made mahogany inlaid sideboard of Sheraton design with rail back, **£6 15s.**; mahogany inlaid overmantel, **30s.**; extending dining-table of Sheraton design, **£3 17s. 6d.**; twelve very fine small chairs, Sheraton-design mahogany inlaid, at **18s. 6d.**; two armchairs to match, at **30s.**; also a quantity of very finely carved brown oak furniture, equally low prices.

Magnificent Full-size BILLIARD TABLE by Stevenson, **£45**; smaller size Billiard Dining Table by Burgess, **15gs.**

DRAWING-ROOMS.

The very elegant Drawing-room Furniture in styles of Louis XIV. and Louis Seize comprising carved and gilt settees, cabinets, tables, mirrors, etc., white enamelled and richly carved furniture, also painted satinwood, and marqueterie inlaid. The following will suffice to give an idea of the absurdly low prices to be accepted

Elaborately carved and gilt Louis Seize design Suite of seven pieces, including settee, **12gs.** complete; the satinwood decorated china cabinet, 4ft. 6in. wide, **£14 14s.**; satinwood decorated centre table, **£2 10s.**; satinwood decorated overmantel, **£3 10s.**; costly satinwood decorated suite, covered with choice brocade Gobelin blue silk, **£16 16s.**

Also BED and TABLE LINEN, carpets of all makes and sizes, quite unsoiled.
SILVER and SHEFFIELD PLATE, etc., etc.
A Magnificent 20 H.P. MINERVA MOTOR CAR, with saloon Limousine Body, as new
Also a 1914 MITCHELL MOTOR CAR, equal to new.

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Grand Prix, Diploma of Honour and Gold Medals, Paris Exhibition, 1912.

By Royal Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain.

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L. LEWIS, Manager.

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Ready for immediate wear in all climates

	Shirts.	Collars.
Super Ceylon Khaki Flannel	10/6	1/6
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Super Taffeta „ Wool	13/6	1/6
„ Twill Khaki Cashmere	14/6	1/6
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When ordering please state size of Collar worn.

PURE SILK KNITTED TIES Light and Dark Khaki. 2/6

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LIBERTY'S REST CHAIRS FOR INVALIDS

IN OAK WITH ADJUSTABLE BACK & LEG RESTS. CORDED VELVET CUSHIONS & SEAT

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FOR REMOVING ALL SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

USE

DARA

THE RELIABLE HOME TREATMENT SURE, SAFE AND PAINLESS.

A CLIENT WRITES:—

Dear Madam,—I am so pleased to tell you the "Dara" treatment was quite a success, therefore there is no need to make any appointment with you. I must confess I had no faith in the "Dara" when sending for it, which makes my gratitude to you all the more real. I must thank you very much for your wonderful remedy, and remain, Yours gratefully, ——

Remove Superfluous Hair Comfortably in your own Home.

Prices **10/6 & 21/6** (The larger size contains three times the amount of the smaller)

ADAIR GANESH ESTABLISHMENT,

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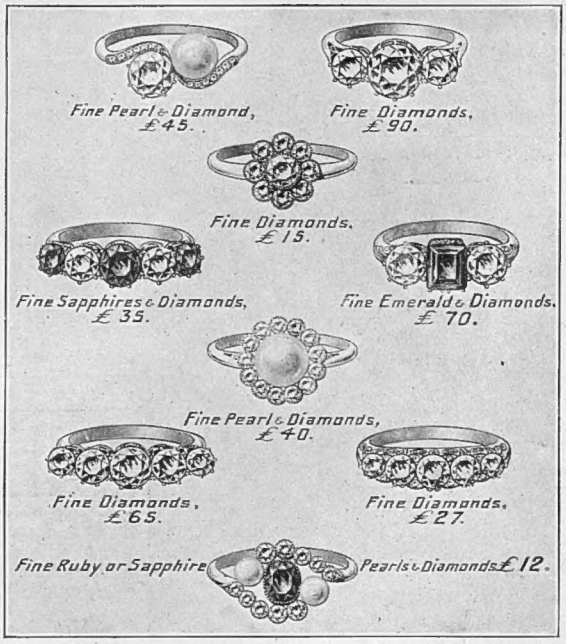
(*Continued from page x*)

drifting into the already congested towns. This seems to me to be a most admirable scheme, and I can warmly recommend the firm's manufactures to my readers.

Beautiful Engagement Rings

Despite war, wedding bells ring merrily and every day. Never perhaps has there been so much marrying and giving in marriage as of late, and Messrs. Wilson and Gill, of Regent Street, tell me that although war jewellery in the shape of regimental badge brooches (which sell like "hot cakes" at present) is immensely popular, the things in which an even brisker trade is done are wedding and engagement rings. Of their wonderful stock of the latter, some slight impression can be got from the illustration on this page, which depicts a few of them. They have every imaginable kind of engagement ring to suit all tastes and all purses, for they range in price from £5 to £250. All the stones are most carefully picked and matched, and are the finest procurable, and the settings, both in gold and platinum, are perfect triumphs of art. "Those about to marry" should certainly repair thither. The illustrated catalogue will be sent on request.



SOME BEAUTIFUL ENGAGEMENT RINGS
At Messrs. Wilson and Gill's, 139, Regent Street, W.

Victoria and Albert Museum

Two important loans have recently been placed on exhibition in the ceramic department of the Victoria and Albert Museum. The first of these is a large collection of European porcelain, chiefly English, lent by Mr. Herbert Allen, and exhibited in Room 135. This collection includes, in addition to about 170 pieces of miscellaneous Continental pottery and porcelain, upwards of 900 specimens of English porcelain. Every English factory of the eighteenth century of which the productions can be identified is represented, as well as all those of any importance of the earlier part of the nineteenth century. Mr. Allen's collection is certainly one of the most important of English porcelain formed in recent years. In the windows of the adjoining room (No. 136) may be seen the second of the two loans now under notice, a series of small medallions and panels of English stained glass lent by Mr. A. L. Radford, F.S.A. The majority of these are of a heraldic character, and date from the Tudor period. The blazonry and badges of Henry VIII. and his family are exemplified in great variety. It would be difficult to find in the whole history of stained glass anything to surpass in ordered balance of design and harmony and splendour of colouring some of these small armorial medallions which have come down to us, as it were, a swan-song from the dying moments of one of the noblest crafts of the middle ages.

The Menu: Home-Made Jams, Preserves, and Jellies

THERE is no doubt that jams and preserves made at home are far nicer and have a much better flavour than those bought at shops or stores, and although preserving sugar is dearer this year, owing to the war, those who live in the country and have plenty of fruit in their gardens should take advantage of it and lay in a good supply for the winter. A nice variety in jams can be made by combining fruits, and black-currant and rhubarb jam is particularly good.

Black-Currant and Rhubarb Jam

Remove the stalks from four quarts of black-currants. Cut into small lengths fifteen stalks of rhubarb, put them into a preserving-pan with enough water to cover them, and boil for twenty minutes. Press the fruit and liquor through a fine hair-sieve, extracting as much juice as possible. Return the juice to the preserving-pan with 10 lb. of preserving sugar, and stir over the fire again with a wooden spoon until it boils, then add the currants, boil slowly for twenty minutes, stirring all the time, and removing the scum as it rises. Take the pan from the fire, stir well for a few minutes, turn into jars, and when cold cover with white paper dipped in brandy and then with parchment covers tied lightly down.

Blackberry and Apple Jelly

Five pounds of blackberries, 3 lbs. of apples, ¾ lb. of sugar to every 1 lb. of fruit, and half a pint of water. Put the blackberries, the apples peeled and cored, and 1 lb. of sugar into a stewpan, and let it stew gently until the fruit is quite soft; then strain through a cloth, and to every 1 lb. of pulp put ¾ lb. of sugar; let it boil about one and a half hours.

Mulberry Jelly

To 6 lbs. of mulberries put three pints of water and 2 oz. of citric acid. Let it stand three days, frequently stirring it, then strain through muslin, and to each pint add ¾ lb. of sugar; do not boil, but when the sugar is dissolved, bottle in clear glass bottles, and in three days cork and keep in a cool place. When required for a jelly: Take 2 oz. of gelatine, soaked in water and stirred in a saucepan till dissolved; add sufficient fruit syrup to flavour and colour it. Set in a damp mould, and let it stand till set. Do not boil the syrup, as it spoils the colour.

To Preserve Plums for Winter Use

Gather the plums when green, put them in bottles or jars holding about 2 lbs., strew over them some powdered sugar, and cover down tightly with two separate bladders on each. Stand the bottles in a large pan of cold water up to their necks, putting hay between to prevent them from knocking against each other, and boil gently till the skins of the plums break, which will be in about three hours. Let the bottles cool in the water.

Damson Cheese

Put the damsons into a jar, stand them in a pan of boiling water over the fire, and cook gently till quite tender, then press out the juice; now remove the skins and stones of the damsons, weigh them, and boil till they become a dry paste; add 6 oz. of pounded sugar to each 1 lb. of fruit, stir them together off the fire till the sugar is dissolved, then cook all together again till the mixture will leave the sides of the pan quite clean. Press it into jars, and cover down tightly with paper, the under piece being dipped in brandy. This damson cheese will keep for a long time.

Sloe Gin

Into a two-gallon jar put three quarts of picked, dry, and sound sloes, ½ lb. of brown sugar candy (or loaf sugar) pounded, ½ oz. of bitter almonds, or sloe kernels. Put over this one gallon of best unsweetened gin. Let the jar be well shaken occasionally. Be careful that the corks are airtight. Damsons can be used instead of sloes, and answer equally well.

EMILIA.